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Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 17 No. 1

ABC net paid circulation 351,464

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SCENE

In her mini-kilt our full-breasted January covergirl Amanda Cass is enough to make anyone do a highland fling. But Amanda is a true sassenach, as the Scots would say, and while she was getting ready for the photo-session told us a hilarious tale which happened during a visit to the land of the haggis.

She and some friends were attending the highland games one year when they began to ponder the age-old question of whether or not the true Scot actually does wear anything under his kilt. They decided there was only one way to find out and Amanda was dared to ask one particularly brawny old chap who was sitting near them.

In true Geordie fashion our brave lass posed the question and with a perfectly straight face the highlander replied: 'Well, lassie, and what do you do in school if you want to ask a question?' Amanda told him she put her hand up. 'Well then, lassie, that's just what you'll have to do if you want an answer to your question!'

Being gentlemen and souls of discretion, we refrained from asking the next question which sprung to our inquiring journalistic minds.

On the same subject, one of our secretaries tells us she once asked a Scotsman if anything was worn under his kilt and he replied, 'Nay, lassie, it's all in perfect working order!'

Ask a silly question . . .

Everything you ever wanted to know about sex and never knew existed is not only a chapter title from but a good description of **The Filth Amendment**, a humorous look at sex through history by TV's Willy Rushton (Queen Anne Press, £4.95). Full of typical Rushton humour.

Everyone is intrigued by a public scandal, and the more shocking and unexpected it is, the more we relish seeing it scattered across the front of the newspapers. So we were fascinated by the new book from Janet Street-Porter, **Scandal** (Allen Lane, £6.95) which looks at the secrets the famous and the not-so-famous would have preferred to have remained unknown, from Robert Mitchum's drug conviction to the sexy romps of Joyce McKinney.

Photographer Robert Hallmann has to be praised for his sense of adventure in preparing our feature on the Sealed Knot on page 94. For in order to capture the re-creators of the English Civil War in action, he had to join up and do battle. Dressed as a Parliamentary soldier from the seventeenth century, with his camera equipment hidden beneath a heavy cloak he played an active part in fighting for Sudeley Castle in Gloucestershire. 'It wasn't easy,' he explained, 'changing films in mid-battle. And on a couple of occasions, trying to photograph cannons, I found myself on the wrong side of them.' But Robert enjoyed the experience so much that now he has joined up and meets them at many of their musters. Anybody else who becomes as enthusiastic after reading his feature should contact the Agitant Generalle, Mr B Jakeman, *Hipplecote Cottage, Berrow Green, Martley, Worcs,* for further information.

'Are they wet enough?' asked the MC above the loud disco music assailing our eardrums. 'No!' yelled the audience in reply.

It's not the way that most national beauty contest finals are conducted but the Miss Vladivar Vodka Wet Tee Shirt title is far from being a conventional beauty pageant. The finals, held at midnight in La Valbonne Club in London's West End after three months of regional heats, were played strictly for laughs. If you can imagine the spectacle of 19 lovely girls wearing thin white cotton tops gyrating to dance music in three shower-cabinets, then being judged, as they emerged, by a panel that includes Anthea Redfern and Bernie Winters, you may appreciate the off-beat nature of the event. Hosted by Louis Parker, who was responsible for inventing the show, it was amusing, entertaining and needless to say very revealing. *Mayfair* was fortunate enough to have a seat by the judges which afforded a magnificent view of the dripping damsels, but with one big disadvantage. As the girls jived out of the shower, they turned sharp left by the judges, liberally dousing all those nearby with water. By 2am, a winner had been chosen and we were nearly as wet as the competitors. Congratulations to 21-year-old civil servant Evelyn Humphries who was voted the most sensational soaked and who won the lion's share of £2,000 in prizes.

MC Louis Parker with Gail Cochrane and a model called Bodie.

The eight finalists in Miss Wet Tee Shirt 1981 including winner Evelyn Humphries (fourth from left).

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

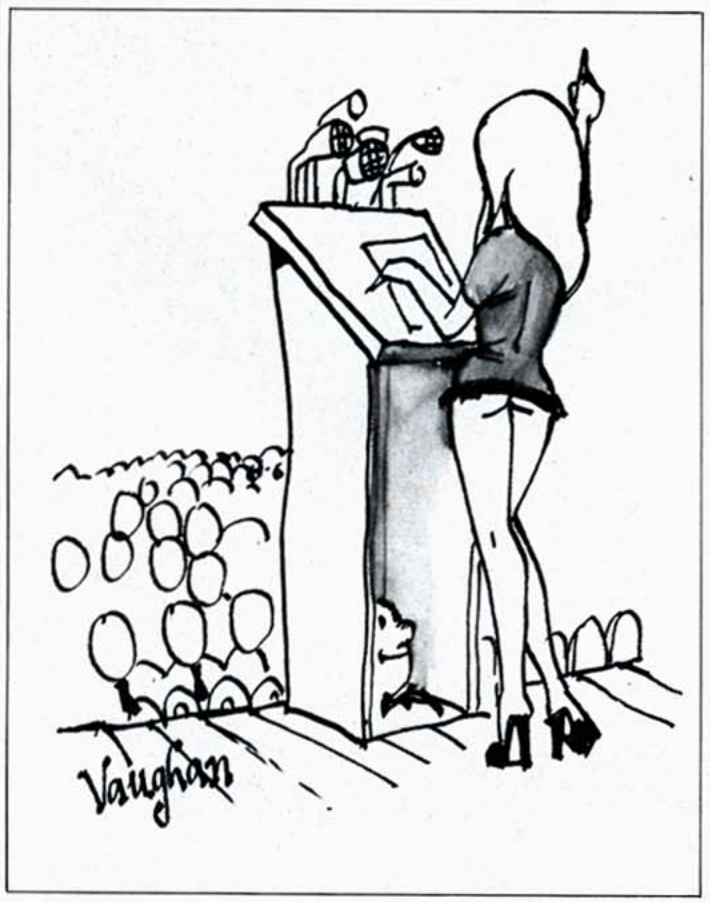
I was fascinated to read the statement by Phil Drackett in his article on sporting superstitions (Volume 16, Number 11) that peanuts were considered unlucky by racing drivers. The first motor race I ever attended in my life was at Goodwood on Easter Monday, 1956. I knew nothing about motor racing, except I had heard it was dangerous. On the first lap of the first race, a sports car failed to make the corner and ran off, most unusually on the *inside* of the track. The car overturned, and the driver was killed instantly. You can imagine the shock effect this had on me. But here's the reason for writing: The car was called after a well known brand of peanuts.
L Tushmore, Crawley, Sussex

You are quite right in your recollection. The unfortunate driver's name was A P O Rogers, and the car was a Sun-Pat Special.

I have often read letters in *Mayfair* on the subject of older men and young girls, or young men and older women. But I have never seen anything written from the point of view of the older woman who has had an affair with a young man. I'd like to set the record straight, as a female reader who has had such an experience.
A few years ago I deliberately set out to seduce the 17-year-old son of a friend of mine. I am now 40 and well-preserved, though I say it myself, and can usually pass as five years younger than I am. At the time my husband was away from home working abroad for several months every year and I naturally became quite frustrated.
I used to spend quite a lot of time at my friend's house where I first met her son, Alan. He was tall and blonde and I found him very attractive. I was pretty sure he fancied me as I'd occasionally catch him looking up my skirt when he thought I wasn't looking. But when I looked at him and smiled he just looked away quickly.
To relieve my frustration I used to masturbate occasionally and gradually Alan became the subject of my fantasies. I used to imagine teaching him all about sex and being the first woman to possess his handsome body. I knew he was a virgin still because his mother had told me he hadn't got any girlfriends. If she'd only suspected what I had in mind!
I gradually worked out a plan which involved asking him to come round and mow our lawn as I couldn't manage the heavy motor mower myself. I chose a day when I knew his parents had gone to visit relations.
It was a hot afternoon and I lay out on a sunbed in my briefest bikini. I have quite a firm pair of boobs which were spilling out of the little top. Alan stole furtive glances at me as he came past with the mower, and I pretended to be asleep so he wouldn't feel embarrassed.
When he'd finished the lawn he was quite hot so I took him indoors for a cool drink. He sat on the sofa and I leaned over it from behind to pass him the glass. My boobs brushed against his head, but he was too shy to take the hint, so I knew I'd have to take the initiative.
So I walked round in front of him, made some comment about how tight and uncomfortable my bikini top was and just took it off. His eyes nearly popped out of his head. He stood up, made a half-step towards me and when I smiled encouragement he took my breasts in his hands and fondled them. It had been a while since I'd had sex and to have this young boy playing with and kissing my nipples really turned me on.
I led him upstairs and stripped naked in front of him. I showed him all the secrets of a woman's body and taught him just how to give us the greatest pleasure. By this time he was nearly bursting out of his trousers, so I undid the zip and released him.
He might have been a shy teenager but he had the body of a man, and by the end of that afternoon I'd taught him how to use that body, initiating him into the delights of oral sex, foreplay and the various positions.
What started as an afternoon's seduction soon developed into a full affair, and he was a regular visitor to my bedroom during my husband's absences. It was an ideal arrangement because there were no complications on either side – just great physical enjoyment. Unfortunately his family have now moved away from the area. But perhaps it's just as well because my husband no longer has to work away from home.
I'd be interested to hear of any similar experiences other readers have had.
Mrs B T, Cardiff

After reading *Mayfair* and your letter columns, it suddenly triggered a memory of a true and exciting experience I had with a woman older than myself. I hope this experience will interest other readers.
It was my duty night for working behind the bar at my local club. I knew the bar was normally very quiet on Mondays so I'd previously made a date with a woman to keep me company during the evening.
I'd guessed right. There weren't many people in that night, so the woman, whom I shall call Pat, and I had quite a bit to drink.
After the bar shut we made our way to Pat's place where we sat for a while drinking coffee. We were listening to a record when suddenly Pat stood up, dragging me with her, and began to smooch. A minute or two passed and we were both getting sexually aroused because of the intimate leg movement. Pat pressed her leg against my balls and my leg was nudging her crotch, as if to say, 'Let me in.'
I started to unclip her bra and Pat began to undo my belt. My hands were soon caressing her small but firm tits which had pointed nipples. The tension in

turn to page 18



Samantha

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICTOR BRUUN

It's hard to believe but every weekend sexy Samantha Kydd is surrounded by no fewer than nine Dickie Davies's. 'Yes, it's true,' laughed the sensuous 19-year-old, 'you see on Saturdays I work in a television rental showroom and *World of Sport* is always on at least nine of the sets. It was a bit off-putting at first, all those faces peering at me, smiling at the same time, but I'm used to it now.' Sadly though, the Leeds store has only one 35–24–34 figure and that belongs to Samantha poised behind her desk, just waiting to take your order. 'You must pop in and say hello sometime,' she smiled.

But Samantha's night life is in total contrast to her job at the TV showrooms. She prefers the brightness and colour of her local cocktail bar. 'It may sound rather ostentatious but they only cost about £2 and you get a much larger drink with all that fruit as a decoration. They are very sophisticated, don't you think? My favourite is a Buck's Fizz but you try to get a man to buy you one. I think I'd go out with anyone who bought me one of those now and again. They're super. Mind you, you have to be careful. It only takes a couple of them and I get very giggly, so watch out.'

LETTERS

continued from page 12

my crotch was eased slightly as Pat released my zip.

She suggested we go to bed and I was quick to agree. I got into bed first, and when Pat returned from the loo I could see her thick bushy pubes by the light of the streetlamp.

Our bodies fell together as if they were magnetised, and we cuddled, rubbing each other with our knees. My hand soon followed suit, moving up her thigh towards her quim.

Pat had taken me in hand, rubbing me up and down, and now I was raring to go. We rolled over and Pat knelt over me like a rodeo rider, legs wide apart. She gradually lowered herself onto me. She was terrific in bed and knew when to ease off for added excitement. Then she rolled onto her back with me on top. I moved into her in the press-up position because I wanted both of us to see what was going on.

The pressure became too much and I couldn't hold back any longer. I climaxed and Pat did at the same time. Then we just lay back as we recovered our energy.

(Name and address withheld)

Congratulations on Vol 16 No 11. The studies of Alison Wills were excellent. She is a very attractive young woman. And the St Theresa's photoset is exceptionally good. I had heard that their fifth form were alright, but I had no idea they were quite so attractive. Could we see more of them, please? Perhaps a short series of events at the school, like the girls sitting at their desks, lifting their tunics, lowering their knickers, lying on the bed, touching toes etc.

Incidentally I also hear through the grapevine that not all the staff are as kind as Miss Pringle, and that the fifth form have had a lot of experience in 'bending over' and 'toe-touching'. I also gather that 'six' is a number they know by heart.

N L, Reading

I have just finished reading Vol 16 No 11 and felt compelled to write congratulating you on producing an outstanding issue, by far the best in many months.

All the models pictured are very attractively photographed to convey their sexuality, though I particularly enjoyed the beautiful photos of 19-year-old Alison Wills. Her 34-23-35 figure was just perfect; the way she bends over teasingly inviting one to spank her lovely rounded buttocks and fondle her pointed breasts is irresistible.

The shots of her in the white see-through leotard show just how beautiful, young and innocent Alison is. And her open crotch enables us to enjoy her highly sexual body to the full.

The only complaint I have regarding *Mayfair* is that so many of the models featured are hindered by horrible unnecessary accessories such as ugly shoes, jewellery, etc.

R A, Putney

I have noticed in your columns occasional letters from readers on the subject of shaven pubes. My girlfriend and I decided to take the plunge recently after considering it for some weeks and it has given a hundred per cent boost to our sex lives. So we thought others might be interested.

The very act of shaving is in itself a very erotic experience. I was very wary about letting my girlfriend shave me as she can't even shave my face without cutting me. But we used a disposable double-bladed razor and plenty of lather. It is an amazing experience to have a pretty girl lathering your balls with a ticklish badger hair brush. My anxiety soon turned to pleasure and I lay back and watched her carefully remove my pubes.

I must admit I thought I looked a little odd the first time I saw my tackle bare, but my girlfriend seemed quite turned on and some time elapsed before I got round to shaving her.

It was not as difficult as I had expected, and soon her dark bush was no more. I too was turned on by her bare little pussy, and even now after a month I still find it exciting.

We find we get a lot more sensation out of sex now as there is more genital contact. And when it comes to oral sex, which we have always enjoyed, the feeling of going down on a shaven pussy is out of this world.

We can recommend shaving to

turn to page 127

Don't miss a date with our 1982 Mayfair diary

Launched only last year, our full-colour *Mayfair* glamour diary has already established itself as Britain's best. And just a glance at the quality of the 1982 diary will tell you why. By means of the latest printing techniques, each picture has been carefully scaled down from the delicious dozen dollies in the *Mayfair* calendar. Market research has shown that men do prefer the slim, month-at-a-glance format because you can plan ahead more easily and the diary will slip into your pocket without leaving an unsightly bulge. So you can carry our girls next to your heart. The diary costs just £1.65 including first class postage and packing, so send off the coupon right NOW!

Mayfair's 1982 Diaries cost only £1.65 each, including postage and plain packing. Send your order to Mayfair Diary, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me _____ Diaries at £1.65 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for _____

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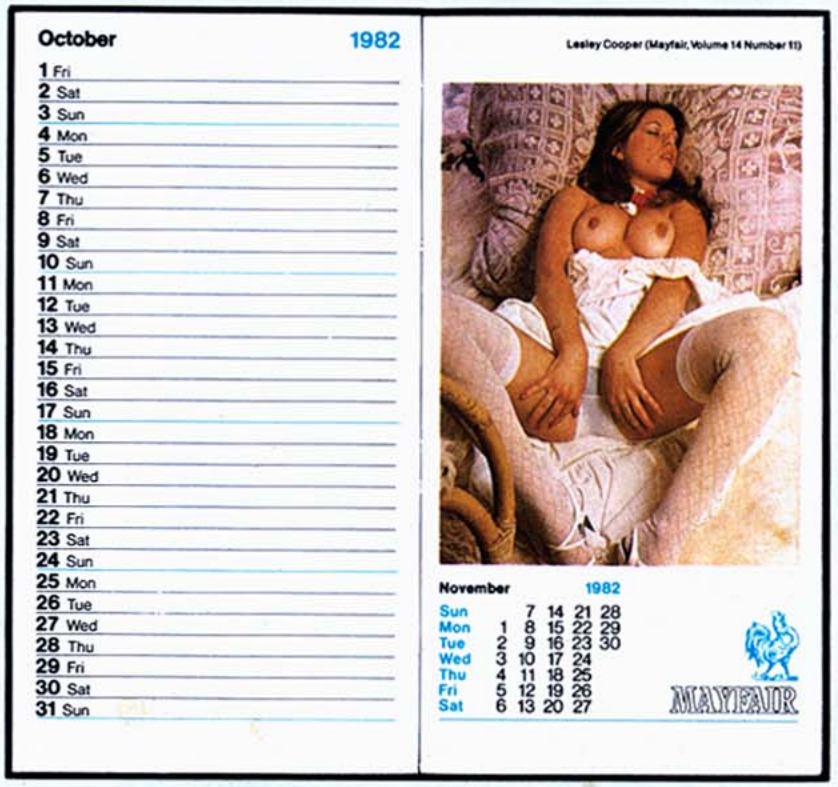


'Ooops! Shuffling was never my strong point.'

Play your cards right

With the popularity of card games rising following the televising of bridge, cartoonist Paul White turns up trumps with some sexy tricks of his own

'So! No wonder you kept on winning.'

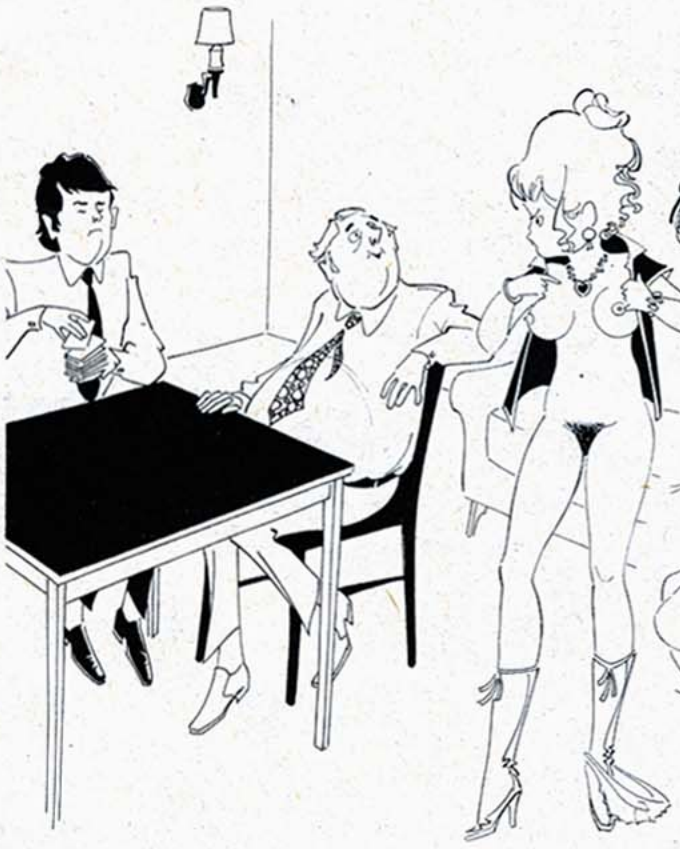
'You shouldn't play cards if you're such a poor sport.'

'My hand's hopeless but something tells me you've both got pretty good ones . . .'

'Wow! That's what I call an ace of clubs.'

'Simon was wondering, Sis, would you care to learn stud poker?'

'Henry, dear, perhaps you should explain a grand slam to Ruthie's young man once again!'



'Relax, my darling – I've just won you back.'

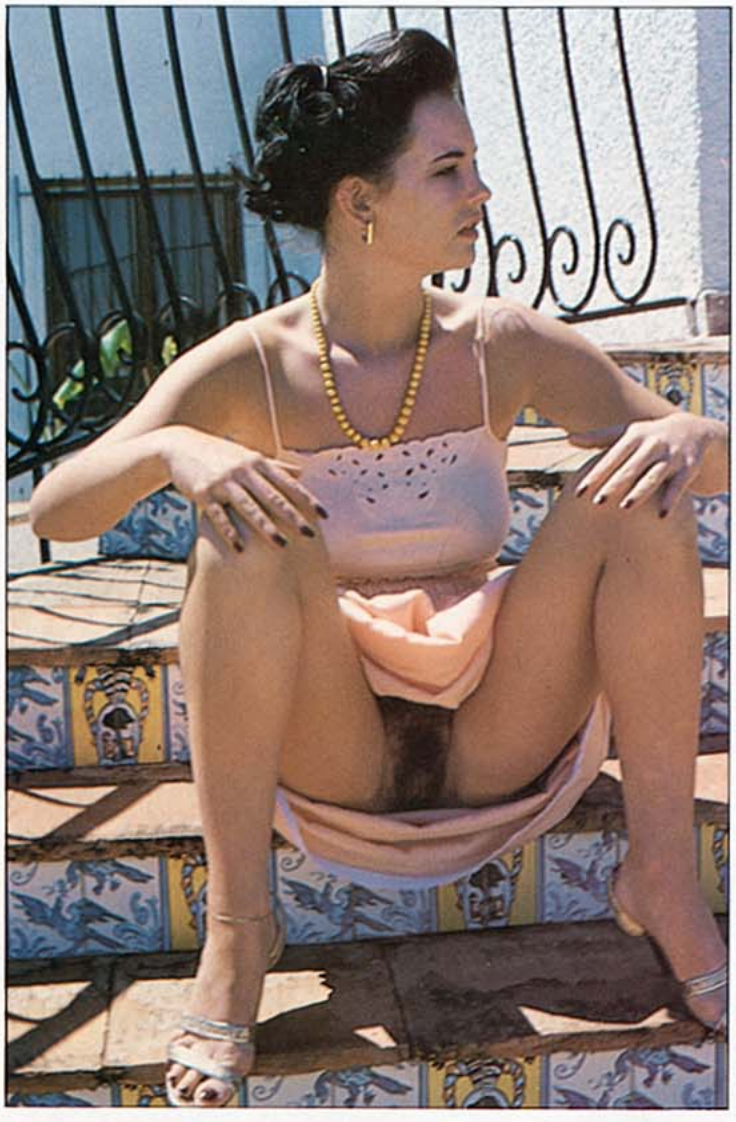
'I'll raise you my new vibrator.'

MISS UK FINALIST, DEBBI TARRANT

Every year thousands of attractive young women enter beauty contests, hoping to make it through the various stages and heats to the ultimate accolade of being crowned Miss World. Sultry raven-haired Debbi Tarrant was herself a finalist in the Miss United Kingdom contest and she was just a step away from the Miss World competition, so she knows all the hopes and excitement these girls feel.

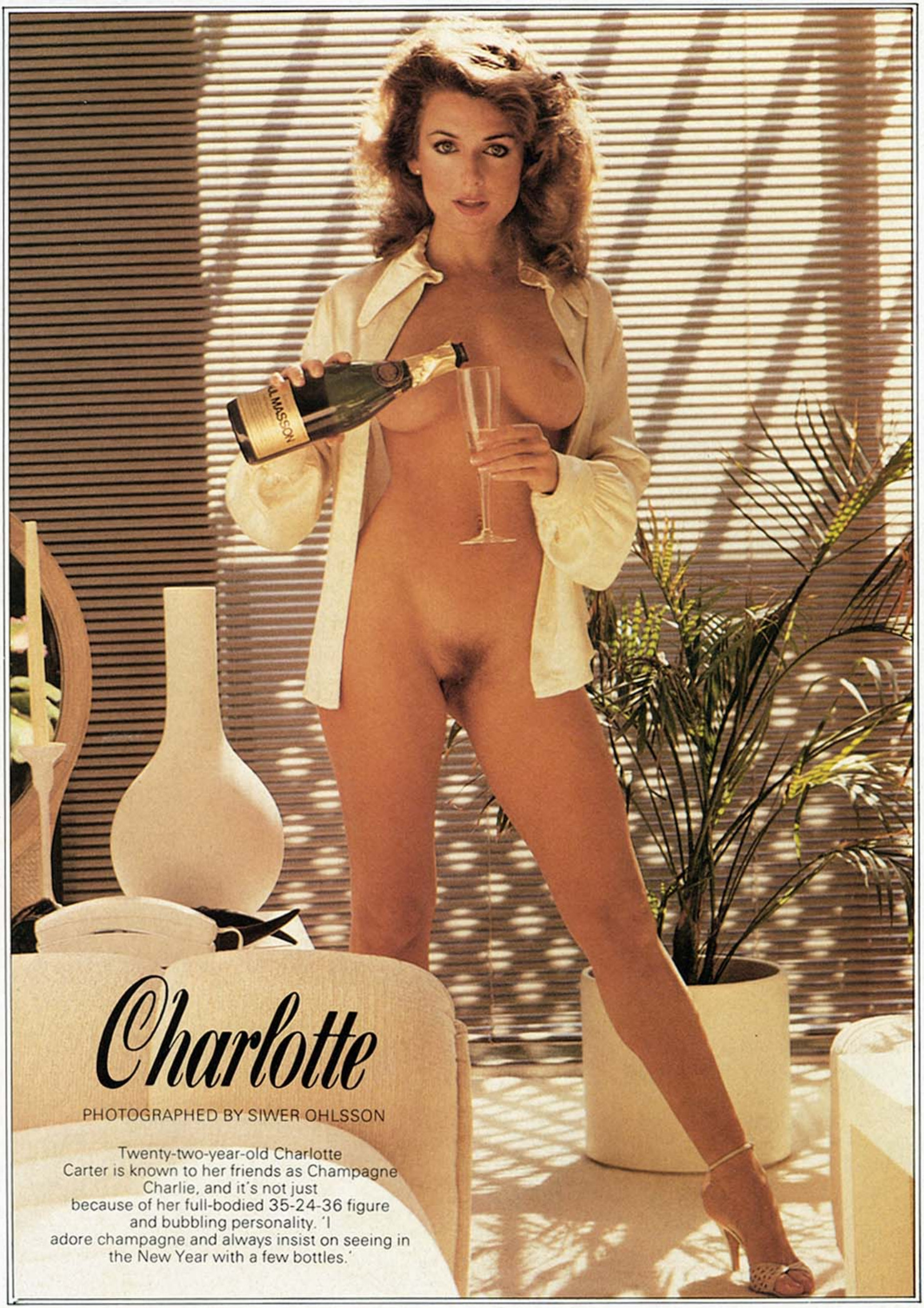
Debbi Tarrant (second from the left) and the other Miss UK finalists.

Standing at 5 feet 7 inches, and with a statuesque figure of 34–22–34, it is easy to see why Debbi got into the final seven of the Miss United Kingdom contest, though she was up against stiff competition from 29 other beauties. Debbie, from Warley, had been crowned Miss West Midlands.



To keep her body in good shape for her work as a professional model, Debbi is a keen sportswoman, and she specially enjoys playing squash and tennis. She can also be spotted jogging regularly.

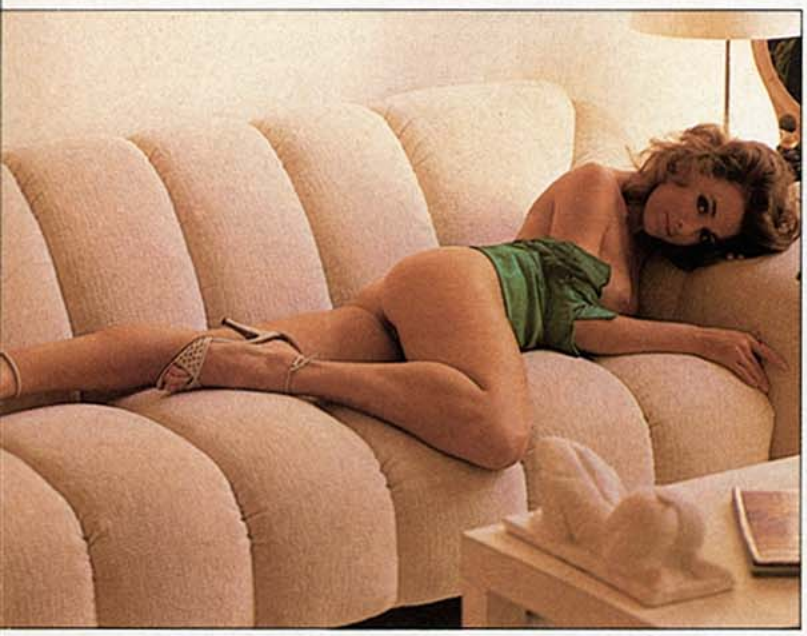
Debbi's talent doesn't just stop at looking good in (or out of) clothes. She makes most of her own clothes, and has a flair for decorating as well, enjoying working with different fabrics and designs. Debbi is also a talented cook and loves trying unusual dishes.



Charlotte

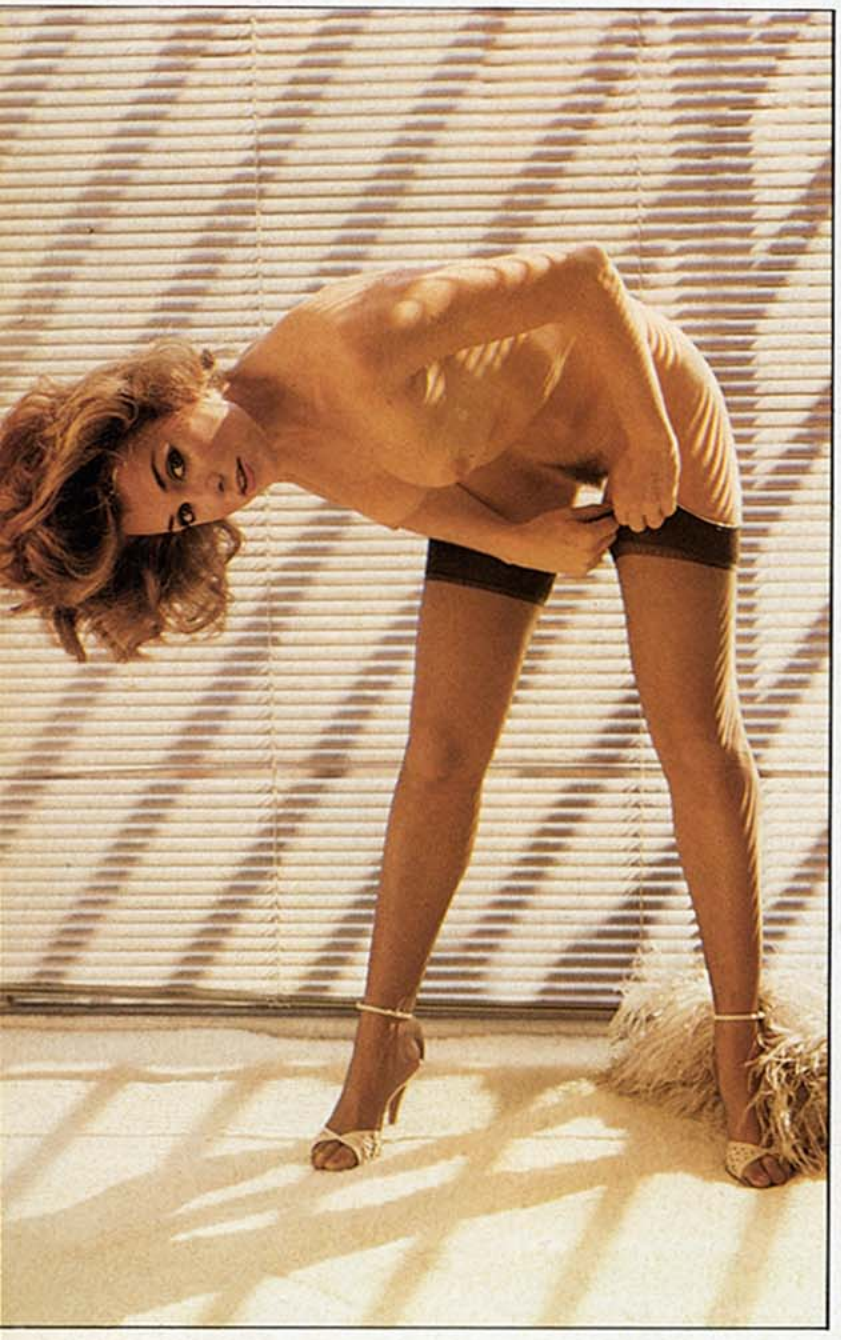
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Twenty-two-year-old Charlotte Carter is known to her friends as Champagne Charlie, and it's not just because of her full-bodied 35-24-36 figure and bubbling personality. 'I adore champagne and always insist on seeing in the New Year with a few bottles.'



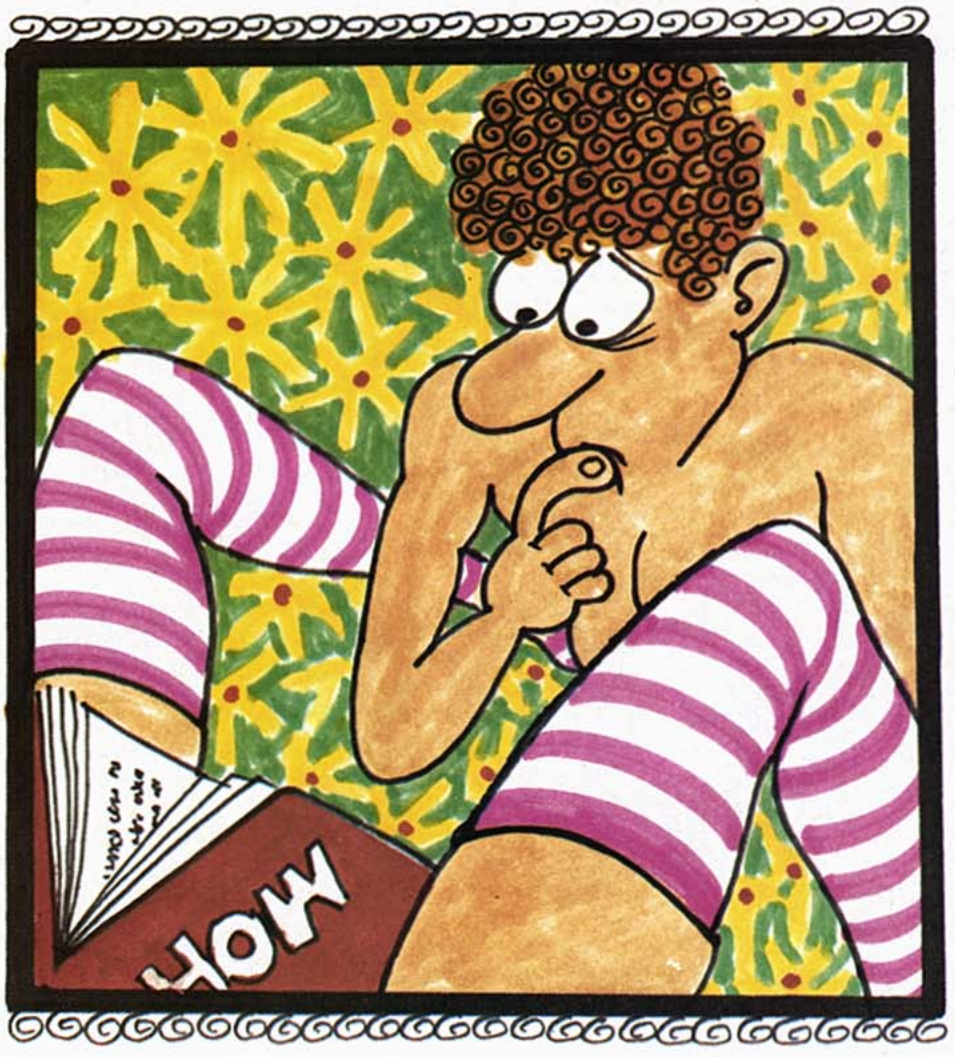
But Charlotte doesn't limit her champagne consumption to New Year's Eve. 'I will drink it anytime, but the trouble is it's so dear that I don't like to ask my boyfriends to buy it for me.' She thinks the best solution would be to marry a vineyard owner, but admits that you don't meet many of those in Bath where she works as a receptionist. 'Now you know the quickest way to win me over. If a guy knocked on my door with a bottle of champers in an ice bucket, I'm sure my resistance would melt before the ice did.' Sorry chaps, you'll have to join the queue.

Charlotte has even named one of her cats Champers, and another is called Bubbly. 'I love animals and at the moment our house is looking like a menagerie with all my pets. I share it with three other girls but luckily they are all animal lovers too.' Apart from the cats, they also have two budgies and three gerbils. 'I once lost a boyfriend through Bubbly when he jumped on the poor guy's back-side one night, just at the wrong moment!'



Swinging Sinn Signs

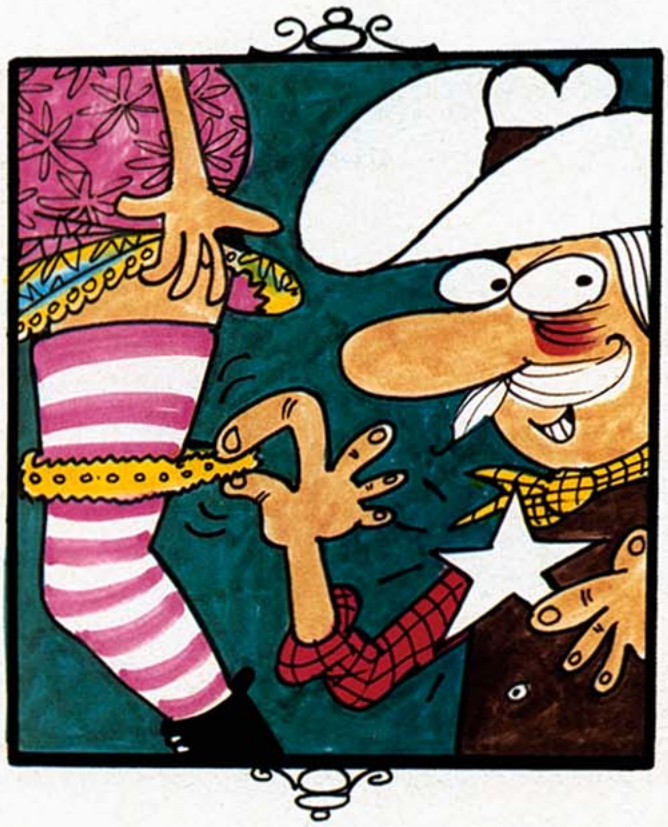
Pub names lend themselves to erotic interpretation and our bawdy cartoonist, Peter Maddocks, has some suggestions



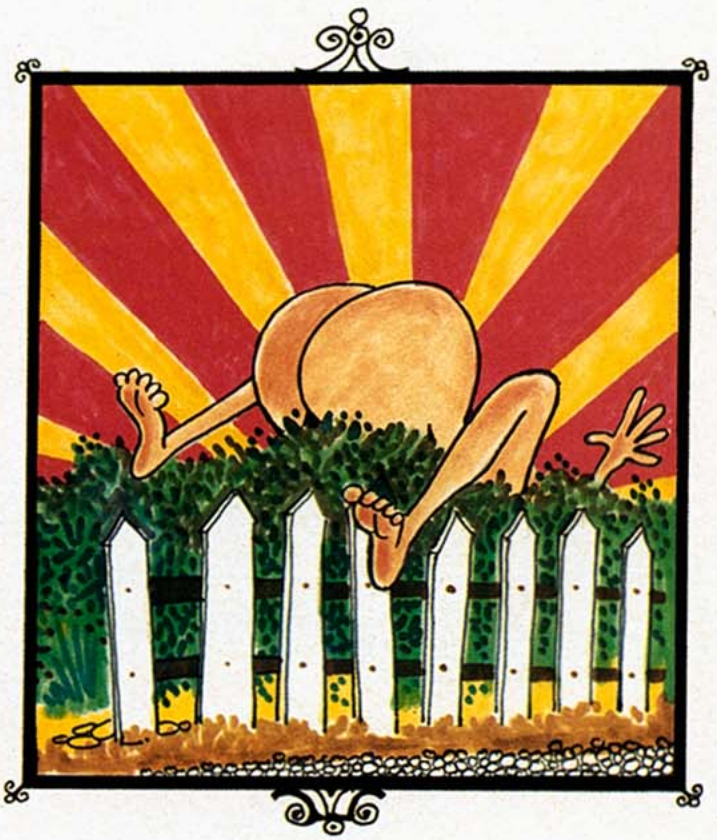
THE GREEN MAN

THE QUEEN'S ARMS

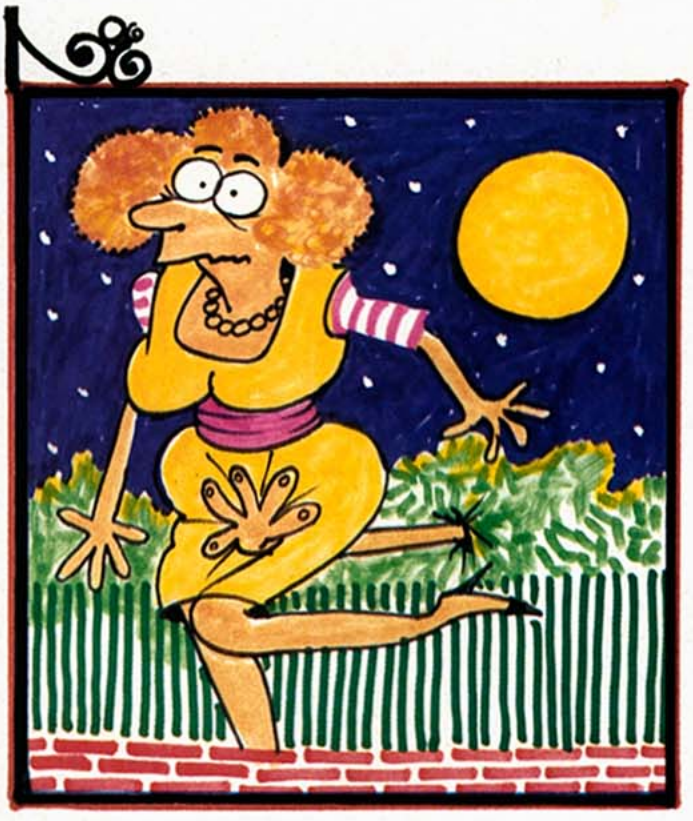
THE BROWN BEAR



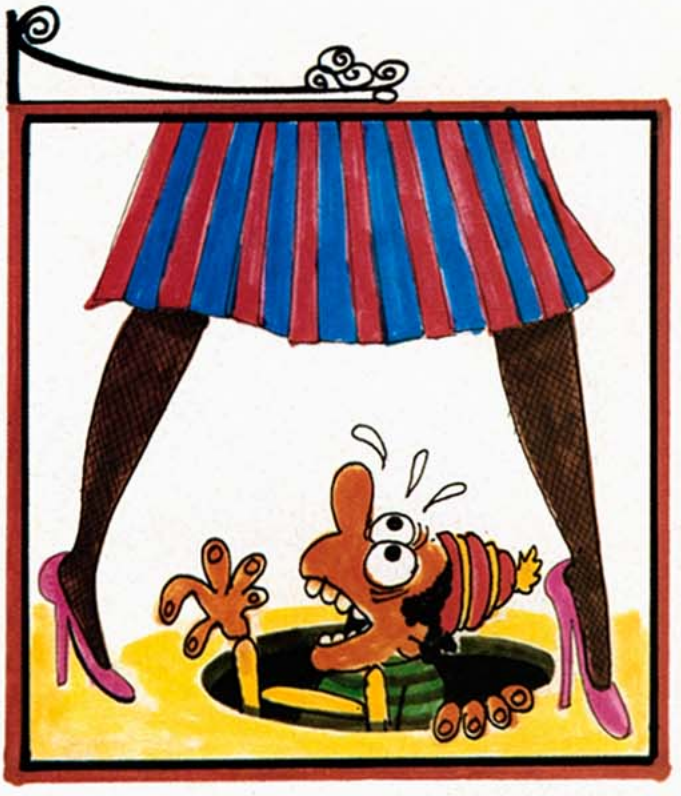
THE STAR AND GARTER



THE RISING SUN



THE BIRD IN HAND



THE BLACK CAT

THE RED COW

THE SPREADEAGLE

'Listen, honey – this is Texas, and we Texans have 341-poster beds!'

Joy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
LARRY CAYE

If you're passing through the Hatfield area and run into pretty 19-year-old Joy Manders, beware! For amongst the hobbies of the 35-24-35 actress is playing practical jokes. 'It started when I was in pantomime down on the south coast. It was a long run and I was working with two comics who were rather fond of trying to put the new members off and make them forget their lines. In one scene, I had come on to carry off the food from the banquet scene, including a gigantic plastic turkey. As I picked it up I noticed something written on the side. In black felt pen, one of them had written, "I want stuffing." I don't know how I kept a straight face. After that everybody was at it. I think we enjoyed it more than the audience,' she giggled.

'I love playing panto,' Joy told us, 'even those three month runs can be a good laugh with the right cast. And with all those thunder flashes, trap doors and so on, there are so many things that can go wrong. Mind you, staying in digs is pretty depressing. This year, I'm up in the north east, so if anybody knows some good places to go and see, I'm open to offers. I promise that there will be no practical jokes this time – honest! Mind you, in my last place, the landlady wasn't too keen on male guests. We had all kinds of fun sneaking men up the stairs.' Sounds she's certainly a joy to be with.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL JUPP

The case was simple, but when I burst into the room and saw the stacked broad standing there naked my problems really began. And I had to turn the tables on that wise guy

Humour by John Machin

The Case of the Double Exposure ~a private eye's pubic disaster

It was the beginning of yet another spring day in the spurious annals of the Smythe Private Investigations Bureau – special party rates; no VAT on denouements.

The week had been kind to us: no broken ribs, a complete absence of police retaliation, and only a mild feeling of imminent mental breakdown. In fact, with Monday and Tuesday having been so innocuous, I found myself mooting whether it might be propitious to lay a pony or two on the possibility of all-out nuclear warfare before the weekend. If the odds had not dropped still further, you understand.

It was as I frisked myself mercilessly for something blunt and heavy to throw at my dozing partner, Simon Yottermann, that a brief raspberry issued from the area of the door; a client, forsooth, demanding entry.

Yotty's breathing faltered; in his vicinity a well-honeyed bumblebee was rapidly losing fuel; and then, startlingly, my

partner was up and homing in apace on the door.
'I'll get it,' I volunteered apathetically, and he stabbed me with something long and spiked from his left eye.
A nine-thirty breeze slipped in from the Strand and took a quick look around the bureau. With it came a gangling fellow, lean, tall, and expensively suited. His hair was an astonishment of carroty tufts, and he wore a carnation at his lapel. His face hinted at a lived-to-the-full-and-beyond thirty-five, and his mouth was pinched, as though for most of them he had partaken of more lemon-sucking than was medically advisable. Indeed, upon spotting Yotty he might just have popped another one in.
Wisely dismissing my partner with an aristocratic sneer, the fellow, whose judgement to date I could not fault, approached my desk proffering a thin leather-bound hand, as though some invisible nanny were dragging him along against his will.
'Witherington,' he confessed. 'And you would be Robert Smythe?'
'I am he, sir,' I replied easily, sensing a brush with someone not of the hoi poloi and wishing to be at my grammatical peak. These little things matter, you understand.
'And in what way might I be of service to you, Mr Witherington?'
He appeared momentarily unsettled.
'Oh,' I jumped, 'please take a seat.' A bloody *faux pas* at this stage!
He moulded himself to the old walnut chair on the other side of my desk and Yotty, having divested himself of both hat and raincoat, an unprecedented occurrence in itself, ambled over to lodge a buttock on my correspondence tray.
As I have, I think, remarked, business was slack and, fortunately, the only damage was corporeal.
'You see, Mr Smythe,' began Witherington after we had tended to Yotty's injury, 'it's like this.' He paused to replace a carroty tuft which had flopped forward like a spaniel's ear. 'My wife is – how can I put it? – playing rather fast and loose?'
He looked across for some sort of approval for the expression; I smiled back blankly.
'A sportswoman, eh?' surmised Yotty gravely.
'Perhaps I'm not phrasing this correctly. Em, I'm talking of fidelity – or, rather, the lack of it, Mr Smythe.' He looked embarrassed and neither Yotty nor I was any the wiser. 'To be brutally candid, sir,' he exploded without warning, 'Vivette is having it away with other fellows!'
An awed silence greeted this statement. Yotty broke it finally with a succinct blasphemy and Witherington was under way again.
'I assume you follow me gentlemen. Now, after giving the whole affair – or affairs – much thought, I have elected to take legal proceedings and divorce Vivette. However, I have been informed by my lawyers that certain alimony settlements can be rather harsh on the old hubby, what.'
'I didn't say anything!' Yotty objected.
Witherington ignored him gloriously. 'What the divorce courts are looking for is a scarlet woman. A clear case of the guilt of one party to the utter innocence of the other.'
'It frequently helps immensely, Mr Witherington,' I agreed knowledgeably.
'Good. Good. Then you'll appreciate the reasoning behind the little ruse I've devised to secure proof of my wife's infidelity. I want a nice big photograph of Vivette and her fancy boys . . . at it, so to speak. Uncensored, no holds barred, living colour – just so that there can be no misunderstanding in court, eh?'
'Could be difficult,' I mused.
'Difficult,' echoed Yotty.
'Yes, I know. These things are so very often performed clandestinely, or so I'm told. Orgies, I mean, Mr Smythe. Bloody orgies!'
'Now, hold on a moment Mr Witherington,' I interjected. 'Orgies are a different proposition altogether. You see, sir, in any photograph of even a moderately knotted up gathering, you are certain to trap extraneous matter in the lens. Faces that shouldn't be there; muscles that will do their utmost to –'
'There's no call for vulgarity, Mr Smythe,' warned Witherington. But I pressed on, once again heinously misunderstood.
'. . . stop the photograph reaching court. You don't know what sort of enemy you'll be making, sir.'
'Or how many,' Yotty tagged on.
'I don't like it, Mr Witherington.'
Witherington dug into a pocket and produced a brick of crisp twenty pound notes. He riffled it tantalisingly, then dropped it onto the desk with a healthy 'kerpwack'.
'And the taxman need never know,' he grinned, removing from the same pocket a folded photograph of his lady wife and laying it alongside the brick which was commanding my whole attention.
'Okay,' I gulped, suppressing the urge to grab the money and hail a cab for the airport, 'so it's looking more amiable all the time. Maybe I could grow to love it, Mr Witherington. Feed me the info.' I'm afraid my impeccable command of the Queen's English became of secondary consideration thereafter, but Witherington and I still seemed capable of getting through on mutual wavelengths.
'I know the exact time and place of Vivette's unfaithfulness,' stated our client confidently.
'Ah,' I responded diplomatically. These upper class chappies might have it in the bank, but there invariably seems to be an inverse relationship regarding cranial fillings. 'That is all very well, but without the requisite time machine it hardly helps us in the execution of taking photographs.'
'No, no!' snapped Witherington. 'I know when and where Vivette has been, and is going to be, unfaithful.'
'I think you'd better explain,' proposed Yotty.
'But let me explain,' went on Witherington. 'Vivette has a regular Wednesday appointment at the *Fragrante Delicto* sun lounges at 7 pm. That, I have been reliably informed, is where all the dirty business goes on. That is where I want the photograph taken: sun lounge 13, any time between 7 and 9 o'clock.'
I ruminated for a delicious moment on the mechanics of biological mingling, and said profoundly, 'Then the optimum juncture of coitus interruptus would be at twelve minutes past eight.'
'Barriers down; stamina still up,' explained Yotty.
'Then I can expect the evidence tomorrow?'
'What?' I shrieked, like any good union man being requested to visit the lavatory in his lunch hour. 'That's a bit short notice.'
'I'm paying you handsomely for a quick *fait accompli.*' Witherington tapped the bundle of notes pointedly. 'I could ask for a receipt, you know – save myself the tax.'
'Nine-thirty tomorrow morning be okay, sir?' conceded Yotty – shade too readily; but he was learning.

* * *

'Press,' I hissed briskly.
'Press what?' queried the rodent-faced girl at the reception desk of the *Fragrante Delicto*.
'Media, dearie. Newspapers, things like that.' I allowed a Czechoslovakian visa to flicker across her line of vision; something I'd found on a bus three months previously which I knew would come in useful somewhere. 'It's all been cleared from above. National coverage of the amazing results you're achieving from the ultra-violet treatment. You're going to be famous.'
She began to primp her hair in readiness.
'Sun lounge number 13?' I interrogated.
'Along the corridor fifth door on the right,' obliged the girl excitedly.
'Stay here, Mr Yottermann. Scoop like this – can't be too careful.' I lowered my voice conspiratorially, as rat features got on the phone to her mother in Huddersfield to break the news of imminent stardom. 'And I don't want anyone following me out into the street until I've had time to discover first gear in your old Anglia.'
'Give you three minutes clear,' offered

'The optician is next door. You had me going there for a moment!'

Amanda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Full-breasted Amanda Cass may not look like your idea of someone who spends a lot of her spare time lifting weights, but that is exactly how she keeps her sexy 36–23–36 figure in trim. She goes to a gym near her South Shields home twice a week to work out. 'I use light weights and just do it to keep fit. I don't want to use the heavier ones and end up with a body like Charles Atlas. I've seen men pumping iron, which is how they develop their muscles to the full, and though I admire their dedication I don't really want to look like that myself.'

Twenty-year-old Amanda was brought up in South Shields and went to school there. When she left at 16 she worked in a tailor's for a while and then in a betting shop. 'I used to put the odd bet on now and then, but I never won any money.' One day she hopes to try her hand at singing. 'I love the old records from the '50s and '60s, and I once won a week's holiday singing in an amateur talent contest.'

Amanda moved to London for a few weeks but soon after she arrived her purse was stolen and a QPR fan threw a brick through her window. 'And his team had won!' So she moved back home. Amanda's main hobby is her tropical fish and she recently bought some piranhas. 'Unfortunately they all ate each other in a few days.' Her other interests are playing squash and swimming.

The Case of the Double Exposure
continued from page 83

suffer for her naive attempt to profit from her artificial devotions to my father. But have no fear. I can assure you that none of this will come to the attention of anyone not involved in it: neither I nor Vivette wishes that.'

'Be that as it may, Witherington, I would feel more assured if I could get my hands on the negative ... just to be sure, you understand.' There was, even if I say so myself, exactly the correct tone of desperation in my voice.

'Ha, ha! I'm sure you would. But that photograph has a prior appointment at my father's bedside. After that, Smythe, I rather think I'd be amenable to a sensible offer for it.'

'But,' I began protestingly.

'What!' Witherington exclaimed. 'What the hell!'

From an inside pocket Witherington withdrew a paper thin pistol and showed me the business end. 'Stay there, Smythe. It appears we have a visitor in the dark room.'

A statuette of a pristine Victorian maid squatting on a mahogany coffee table was pulsating violent crimson, as though someone had whisperèd 'penis' in her pure ear.

Raymond whirled from the room, wielding the pistol importantly before him. He was back in the twinkling of a flasher's raincoat, encouraging a worried Yotty along with the firearm.

'The other half of your double act, Smythe. I'm astonished Vivette failed to inform you that I had this place wired for housebreakers when she obviously told you of its layout. You see, I'm rather attached to my photographic equipment; I shouldn't like anything to fall into the wrong hands.'

'Sorry, Bob,' Yotty mumbled ruefully. 'He was on me before I'd got halfway across the room.'

'You incompetent bungler!' I spat, and my partner duly drooped further.

'Don't be too hard on him, Smythe. The whole house is virtually burglarproof; no-one can get in without my knowing. Now, gentlemen, it's rather late, and I've had my fill of pranks for one day. If you'd walk this way ...'

'If I could walk that way –'

'Yotty!' I snapped reprovingly. 'Don't push it. Consider yourself fortunate that Mr Witherington has seen fit to allow us escape without redress to law. Remember: whatever your ends, the means you undertook to achieve them were undeniably illegal.'

'I'm pleased you appreciate that, Smythe. You would do well to recall my magnanimity whenever you seek to make me an offer for the photograph, because the price has just risen somewhat.'

'Goodnight, Witherington. I'm certain I shall have dealings with you in future.'

He clicked the door on us, but that self-satisfied grin seemed to hang in the air for a long time afterward.

* * *

'You saw the photograph, then?'

''Course, Bob. It was hanging on this washing-line thing, drying out. The negative below it. The room was lit by a dull red bulb – there was no mistaking Mrs Witherington in the buff.'

'Not unattractive,' I noted.

'The upper class piece; the sort that jerks you off with a crooked little finger.'

'Witherington checked round before he brought you back into the lounge?'

'Oh yes,' Yotty nodded happily. 'As far as he was concerned he caught me just after I'd climbed in through the window. He was entirely satisfied I hadn't had the opportunity to get up to any monkey business. But he checked, all the same.'

'Good. Then it's odds on he'll be retiring now without bothering to look in again.'

'Let's hope so, eh?' Yotty yawned expansively.

'I'll drop you off at home, partner. Then I'll check on the success of our operation.'

* * *

Mrs Witherington's Lotus lay menacingly along the kerb outside a wide white house whose lights were ablaze even at midnight. As I crunched up the gravel path, the strains of a stereo unit wafted down from an upstairs window left carefreely wide open.

She met me at the door, draped a silk gowned arm about my shoulders, and engineered a champagne glass towards my mouth.

'It worked like a dream, Bob!' she exclaimed.

'You managed the window okay?'

'Yotty helped me in, I flew out on undiluted adrenalin before Raymond could react again to his damn alarms. Such a good idea of yours – whoever would have guessed –'

'I had the brains?' I queried with a warning scowl.

'Silly! Whoever would have guessed that little old me was hiding under Raymond's work bench while Yotty was caught so red-handedly? Genius, sheer genius, Bob!'

She floundered a trifle inebriately as we moved, interlocked, into a splendid drawing room, hemmed in by expensive ports and brandies, gleaming with polished oak and silver.

'Oops!'

'I can see you've been celebrating ever since you got back, Mrs Witherington.'

'No,' she asserted lengthily. 'First I burned the photograph and negative, then I slipped into something cliché'd, and only then did I begin celebrating. – Oops!'

'No trouble with the escape?'

'Not a jot. I was gunning the Lotus away from there just seconds after Raymond had closed the front door on you. Here, let me top up your glass Bob. The night is yill stung – still young – hic!'

'I don't think –' But it was too late.

'Oops!'

She tripped on her gown, rocked back uncertainly to determine the direction of gravity, misjudged it totally, and clattered to the floor, dragging me down in a tackle that would almost certainly have resulted in an early bath if we'd have been playing at Twickers.

Righting myself beneath a desk I was momentarily transfixed by the sight of something brown and fluffy and vigorous not a tongue's length away.

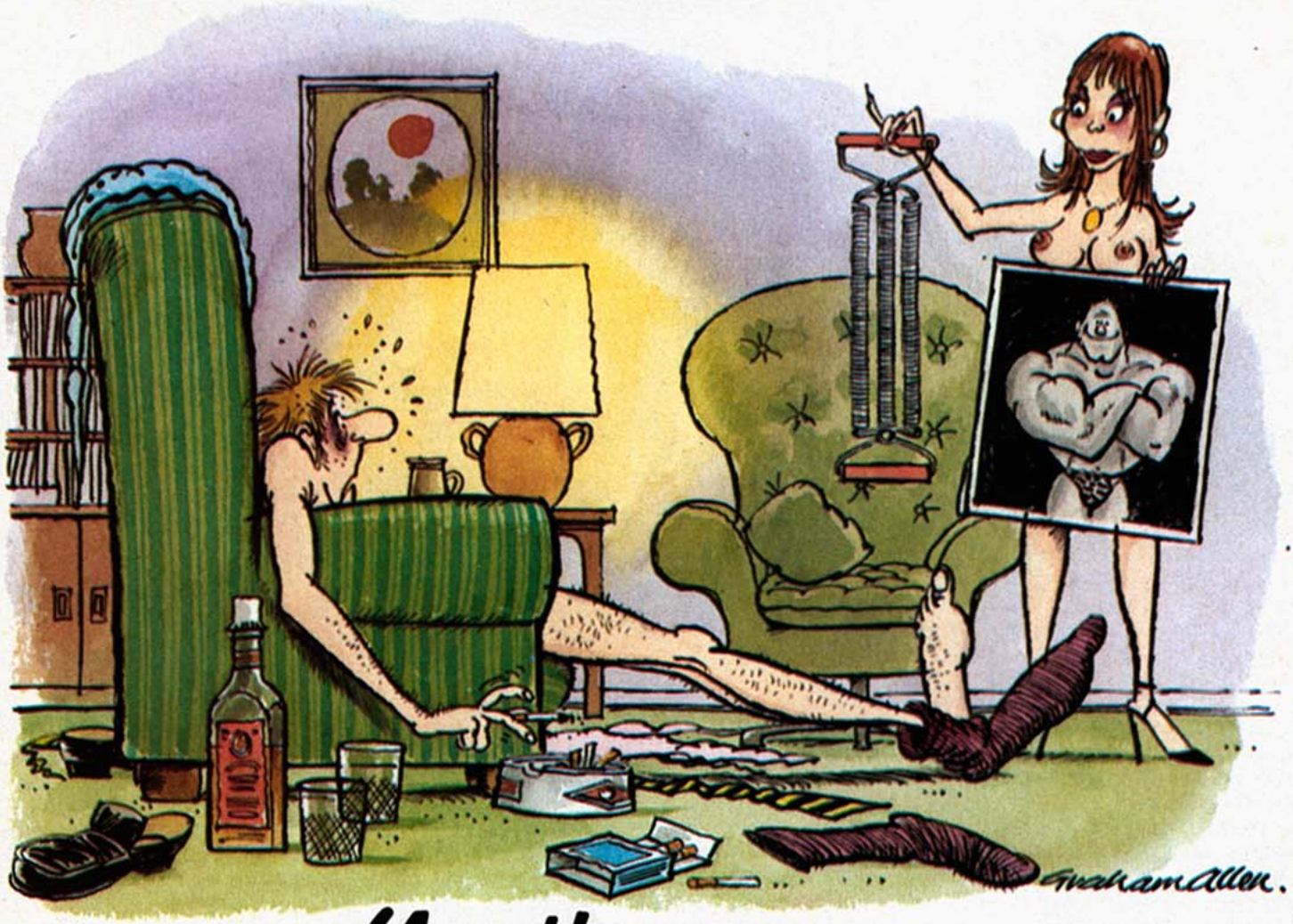
Mrs Witherington was giggling helplessly, and there were strange stirrings in my heavy tweed trousers. Fingers like microscopic woollen spiders were scrambling under my waistband, gaining entry and scurrying mesmerisingly towards a goal that was becoming more ill-concealed by the second.

Mrs Witherington's wispy gown was vanishing like early morning mist at dawn, and that barely-focused burnished triangle of downy fur was bearing ever down on me. There was a perfume like fresh dew on garden roses, and my whole life was replaying embarrassingly.

I allowed my jaw to gape, found my tongue stiffening to its task, and ... Suddenly there was someone furtive behind me, a blinding magnesium flash, and blurred, carroty tufts speeding out through the door.

'It's okay. It'll be all right,' I soothed and comforted the hysterical Mrs Witherington. 'What we need now is a plan, and damned quick ...'

'That's two New Year resolutions up the spout!'



'Another year, another deadly blow'

This year, says Mike Gerrard, resolutions will be made. Moreover, they will be kept. Now, where's my diary and pen? Where's my drink? To hell with it . . . I'll start it all tomorrow

When New Year's Day dawns, at about two o'clock in the afternoon after the party, and the traditional cries of 'never again' ring out throughout the land, it is time to turn what's left of our minds to thoughts of resolutions. As we stagger back and forth to the bathroom clutching our stomachs, not knowing or caring whether it's 1981, 1982, Armageddon or the Year of the Disabled Butterfly, we decide we must do something about our life – like possibly end it. A few hours later, when our insides have stopped churning like a tumbledryer, perhaps we decide that the action need not be quite so drastic, though action of some kind is certainly called for if we are to improve the shambles we laughingly describe as our life.

We begin by reviewing our achievements for the past 12 months, and it's when we can't find any we realise things must be bad. Changes have to be made. As hard as it is to believe, we have managed yet again to struggle our way through 365 days without a single achievement of note, while in that time others have climbed mountains in China, written books, sailed the Atlantic single-handed, made love to movie stars, scored Test Match centuries, and got into the Guinness Book of Records by eating bicycles. And what have we more humble members of the human race got to look back on? A fortnight in Benidorm, which wasn't too bad if you ignore the blistering sunburn, the gastro-enteritis, and the 14 consecutive cases of brewer's droop. Or winning the odd game of bar billiards? Successfully avoiding marriage for another year? Or avoiding divorce?

No, it's really not good enough. We always decide that, but this year will be different: Resolutions Will Be Made. Moreover, this year, by way of exception, They Will Be Kept. To prove how serious we are, we will write them down at the front of our new Motorist's Diary, so thoughtfully provided in triplicate by mother, cousin Bill and Auntie Gladys. Now if one of them had only bought us a pen, we'd have something to write with. Never mind, we'll think about them first and jot them down later.

The first resolution must be to do with smoking and general fitness. We all know that smoking can seriously damage your wealth, but it's getting more ridiculous each year. The average smoker could run a small yacht on what he spends on cigarettes, so those are out for a start. Except for the one we like to have after sex, let's allow ourselves one little indulgence, and after all, what difference will 68p a year make?

Think how much fitter we'll be too. We'll even be fit enough to start those keep fit exercises we've always been meaning to do but were too weak to cope with. We'll start in a small way by doing a few press-ups every morning, move on to something like jogging or squash, and then we'll be able to avoid those embarrassing scenes when making love two nights in succession reduces us to a cold sweat and thighs that

feel like they've just done the London Marathon. This time next year we'll be able to make love like a stud *and* run the London Marathon, though perhaps not simultaneously. That can wait till the following year.

This new regime will turn us into a rampant stallion, and haven't we always wondered what it would be like to be one of those? This bag of bones that lies coughing and groaning on the sofa will be transformed into Mr Universe, starting tomorrow. No, there's another party tonight, so make that the day after. Definitely.

And next we must resolve to cut out drink. Well, cut down. Apart from the party tonight, of course. And social drinking, people expect that. But other than that, no alcohol. What a relief, no more of those nights when you think, just this once, you can risk mixing your drinks. Those evenings when you start in the pub with a few beers, go on to dinner and knock back a carafe or two of the deadly house red, and find yourself at someone's flat at two in the morning cobbling together Tequila Sunrises, Screwdrivers, and Harvey Wallbangers. No more of those mornings after when the Wallbangers and the Screwdrivers mount a pulsating attack on the backs of your eyeballs, the sun is attempting to rise through the roof of your head, and your mouth feels like it's been freshly painted with non-drip emulsion.

Instead, why not turn this thing to advantage and cultivate a little personality, a certain mystique. When you're dining out and the young lady asks for a dry white wine, tell the waiter that you'll just have a Perrier water. As she jokingly asks if you're on the wagon, you can smile in an off-hand way and say that you haven't touched a drop since . . . but you don't like to talk about it, you add quickly, staring sadly into her eyes for a moment before clumsily changing the subject. She won't rest till she's prised the awful truth from your lips, using all the feminine wiles at her disposal, and if you object to that then you can close this magazine now and don't make a noise on the way out. Assuming you don't object you can heighten the mystery by hinting enigmatically from time to time at former glories you're trying to recapture – the unfinished novel, the art career abandoned when your favourite model left – and she's sure to offer you her support till you get back on your feet again. Meanwhile you've achieved your ambition of getting her off hers, because there's no point in going mad and giving up everything.

With no cigarettes or alcohol you're sure to have a heightened awareness of sex. You can get the manuals out once more, they're doing no good propping up the bed, and you can read up again on extending the orgasm. That will be much more fun than your usual reaction of collapsing in a sweaty heap and panting like a dog on a hot day. It may take a while, but then think what the athletes who went to the Mexico Olympics had to put up with before they could perform a long jump at altitude. You don't get your pleasures easy, and if at some time in the future you're offered sex in an upper bunk it'll be no good asking the girl to hang on while you fetch your oxygen mask. No, gasping for breath will soon be a thing of the past.

But as well as giving up things, shouldn't we be placing more emphasis on the positive side and deciding to actually get out and do things? What about that extra language we've always been meaning to learn? Ah yes, the noble tradition of education, the centuries of scholarship we shall be helping to carry on. And languages, the pedigree of nations, as Dr Johnson called them. Besides which, think of the extra crumpet you can chat up on the beach. Right, that's something else to take action on at once. No waiting, we enrol at night school first thing in September, and we can always take a late holiday this year. Before we know it we'll be able to suggest a bit of how's your father in everything from Arabic to Zulu, should the need arise. We can only hope for more success than we get at the moment in English.

But that's another area which needs a more positive attitude. If you like the look of someone, then ask her out. This has to be another resolution: think positive, chance your luck. Don't assume that she's bound to say no. Just think, instead, that she may be throbbing inside with desire for you, and waiting for you to prove that you want her. Don't overdo it, though, we must still observe the formalities. After all, even if she is throbbing inside she may still not appreciate it if you throw her to the floor of the office lift, unzip your trousers and yell, 'Take me, I'm yours!' Especially if the lift is crowded at the time.

How can you improve your status at work, too? Try to assess realistically your chances of moving up the ladder in the next 12 months. How best can they be described? No, 'as much chance as a fart in a thunderstorm' is not the attitude to adopt. Think of the job you want, and ask yourself how you might get it. Is that person likely to leave in the immediate future? Would it speed him on his way if you propositioned him in the executive toilet? Or if you placed bras and suspenders where his secretary or wife might find them? You could always look further up the ladder and try to set up a chain reaction of promotions. There must be someone between you and the managing director who would be susceptible to ulcers or blackmail. And if the subtle approach doesn't work, you could always try unzipping your trousers in the lift crying 'Take me, I'm yours.'

Failing that, I can only suggest you explore the possibilities of the Government Retraining Programme, though I can tell you now that they don't run a course for would-be *Mayfair* photographers. I tried that last year.

It is better to try and set some kind of specific target, though. After all, there are a full 365 days in the year and if you only wrote 150 words every day you could have a book finished by December 31st. Barbara Cartland manages 2,000 words a day, and look at the money *she* makes. You could get rich just by using the ones she throws away, which is probably wise advice.

Or if you set aside only one hour a day for furthering your education and making yourself a more interesting and entertaining person, then that's equivalent to about ten full working weeks, or twice as much as the average student puts into getting his degree. Given that length of time you could do a million things: become a cordon bleu cook, learn to pilot a light aircraft, even sail across the Atlantic single-handed or make love to 365 movie stars. Or one movie star but do a bloody good job of it.

Think about these things then. Do what I'm going to do, find a pen and write them down in your diary. I've got the pen, and now . . . I can't find the wretched diary. This is ridiculous, it was here a minute ago. I'll just have one last drink and a cigarette while I'm looking for it. Did it get hidden under last month's *Mayfair*? Mmm, isn't that 'Girl of the Month' lovely? Where's that drink while I put my feet up? To hell with it, I'll start to change tomorrow.

'Oh, hello, Miss Harper? You'd better cancel my appointments.'

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

When I started fishing you could hardly tell the female anglers because they were wrapped up in so much clothing. But last summer on my favourite trout stream I spotted a pretty girl who was trying to catch a fish and a tan at the same time. She had virtually nothing on apart from a pair of waders. She can use my rod any day.

Excerpt from letter to Mayfair

Top: the Parliamentary forces 'form a hedgehog', a tactic using pikestaffs to shield the women and children who could be protected in the middle of the circle. It was a forerunner of the British Square. Below, left to right: the Cavaliers meet to discuss tactics and re-form themselves during a battle; what the Cavaliers face, a Parliamentary cannon ready to fire; next to it, one of the scenarios that the Sealed Knot re-enact, hanging a witch at Sudeley Castle – they also demonstrate witch-burning and bear-baiting; finally all the colour of authentic flags at Sudeley.

Hiding his camera beneath his heavy cloak, photographer Robert Hallmann dressed up and did battle to capture scenes of the Civil War, recreated by the Sealed Knot. He survived the fray and managed to bring back this story.

Roped into the Sealed Knot

'Form a hedgehog, men!' The cry came from our commander just as I was beginning to feel that spending a day dressed as a member of the Parliamentary forces of the seventeenth century was quite a pleasant way of passing the time. Up until then I had felt relatively safe, even with cameras, lenses, and films around my neck carefully hidden under a heavy cloak. But as the order was made, suddenly things became a bit more dangerous.

My fellow Parliamentarians had formed themselves into a circle, pikestaffs pointing outwards, with me unfortunately outside it. Furthermore, the enemy Cavaliers, several hundred of them, were approaching fast, fully intending to take Sudeley Castle in the name of the King. It was a

Large pictures: the Cavaliers charge, swords waving, a frightening sight for any novice Parliamentarian pike carrier. Clockwise from large picture: fighting carried on until the early evening at Sudeley as this picture taken from the safety of the trees shows. Above it one of the pike pushes as hundreds of soldiers clash. Top left: a cannon in action. It is traditional to give cannons names – one is even called 'Sweet Lips'. To the right is a seventeenth century torture. This wooden horse has a nasty spike in a tender position, the victim being strapped on with weights tied to his feet. All good friends really, meeting in their best finery to discuss the afternoon's events. Finally the body-strewn battlefield tended by a lady camp follower.

hairy moment and had I been back in the seventeenth century, it could have been a fatal one. As it was Lt General Ron Hill pulled me back into our defence with a short but pithy rebuke.

It was an unnerving incident for a novice soldier but nothing to the stalwarts of the Sealed Knot who like little more than spending every available weekend re-enacting some famous Civil War skirmish in the name of charity. And if you want to photograph them, you have to join them. So there was I, mild-mannered reporter that I am, suddenly all too involved in the bloody battles of history.

The first problem the new member faces is finding his costume. Most members spend hours, not to mention a good deal of money, on creating an authentic costume, often in real leather. Mine was run up by my daughter just for the day. Authenticity takes time, but the Sealed Knot demands magnificent turn-out.

But there are no full-time members of

I'll keep you company

Rosemary Meeker raised a lot of temperatures when she appeared in Vol 14 No 5. Now she is just one of the delicious dozen dollies in our full-colour *Mayfair* calendar for 1982. Just a glance will tell you why ours is Britain's top-selling glamour calendar, and stocks are moving fast so send off today to avoid any disappointment. It costs only £1.80 including postage.

Mayfair's 1982 colour calendars cost only £1.80 each. Send your order to **Mayfair Calendar, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.** Please send me .... calendars at £1.80 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for .....

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.....Date M171

the Sealed Knot. Even Lt General Ron Hill, my saviour at Sudeley and No. 1 in the South of England spends his weekdays working in the sales department of a large company. Mind you, he does have a cannon in his garage, which he made himself from authentic plans and, fortunately, a wife and children who share his obsession. Come Saturday he's out on the field, tearing into Cavaliers and rolling them down hills, telling me that it isn't *really* dangerous, even though he did once break three ribs and rupture his spleen.

'Of course it is violent. It's a bit like a game of rugby played entirely with forwards and no ref. But it is controlled violence. Before each battle one of the Generals stages everything so that the public can see what's going on and with the accent firmly on spectacle. But we do like to think of the Knot as something the whole family can join. The wives can become camp followers tending the 'injured' and children can join in a non-combatant role, like drummer boy, at 14. In fact something like 50 per cent of our members are families. So, it isn't just an excuse for big men to fight one another.' Furthermore I can testify to the restorative powers of the lady camp followers. Many of them wear very low-cut dresses and bending over a casualty often brings about a miraculous cure.

But, as I discovered, there is a great deal more to joining the Sealed Knot than just fighting battles. For a start, since their re-enactments are staged all over the country, there is a great deal of travelling to be done and, whether it is by train, car or motorbike, the dedicated member always does it in costume. Of course, this can cause a few odd glances, especially as you stroll up to the second class ticket counter at Euston, and rest your pikestaff on the glass screen. But that's part of the fun. Then there's the drinking . . .

Before and after every battle the combatants and followers get together in some hostelry in their best seventeenth century evening attire for a raucous night out. The girls (or wenches, as the members would have it) sing songs – not all of them too polite – ale flows and the local inhabitants are treated to a riotous evening, whether they want one or not! The next morning, the members are out again, this time staging historic scenes. Subtle little things like witch hanging in the town square tend to prove popular. So remember if you're thinking of booking the Sealed Knot not only will you need some 25 acres as a battlefield and camping ground, but also it might be a good idea to warn the neighbours.

Mind you, even if the 5,000 members of the Sealed Knot do behave rather badly by modern standards, there's no doubt that their unique and authentic representations of historic battles are successful. So far they have raised over £1,200,000 for charities as well as undertaking original research into the period. To a novice pikeman, their antics may seem bewildering, even scaring, but in terms of colour, noise and spectacle it is well worth a day trying to unravel the Sealed Knot.

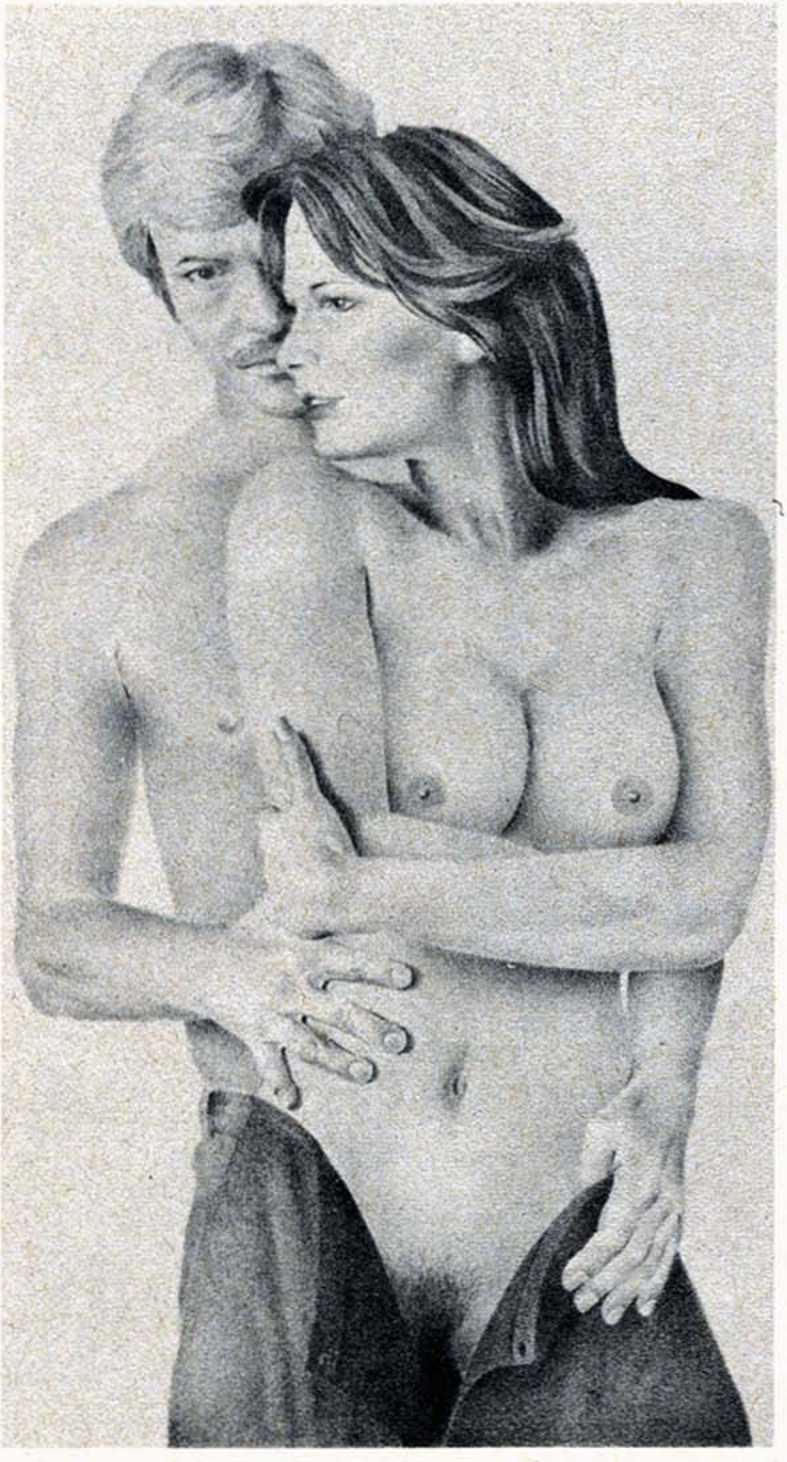
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Sherry

Any readers who travel to town on the commuter train from Reading to Waterloo in the mornings should take a closer look at the pretty dark-haired girl sitting in the corner pondering the *Times* crossword and oblivious to everything else around her. It just might be our sexy 22-year-old Sherry Hart on her way to the City where she works as personal assistant to a company director. Sherry is a crossword fanatic, and while there is so much as one clue she can't get, not even her boyfriends can get more than a grunt out of her. 'They just fascinate me, and I look on them as a kind of challenge.'

Sherry loves any kind of word puzzles and remembers when a boyfriend once challenged her to a game of *Scrabble*. 'To make things a little more exciting he came up with a strip version which involved losing pieces of clothing from time to time.' Her boyfriend was winning until Sherry lost enough of her clothes to reveal her distracting 34–22–33 figure. 'When I got down to my pants he seemed to lose his concentration and I beat him easily. But we ended up playing a rather more physical game!'

When she needs a break from all those brain-teasers, Sherry takes full advantage of the beautiful countryside around her home outside Reading and goes off on long cycle rides. 'It's a wonderful way of getting fresh air and I prefer it to walking because you can get further afield. I must admit, though, that my cycle rides usually end up in the bar of some country pub. I'm a sucker for oak beams and horse-brasses, and real ale, of course. That's why I need exercise.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Fourteen

In this month's interviews Quest continues its look at abstinence with three more examples of women who for completely different reasons have spent long periods of time without sexual partners

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

TEACHER, 29 years old, blonde, town of origin, Norwich

This interviewee left school at the age of 18 with three A Levels. She attended university followed by teacher training college and then a teaching post in Lebanon which she has held for four years. She is single.

Quest: Do you think of yourself as being sexually experienced?

Teacher: No. Well, yes, until four years ago.

Quest: Why is that?

Teacher: That's when I took up the teaching position in the Lebanon. Up until then I had a normal sex life. Men seemed to find me attractive and I was never short of boyfriends.

Quest: So what happened when you went out to the Middle East?

Teacher: That was it as far as men were concerned. There are hardly any European men out there, and they are mostly married. And I don't fancy Arabs because they are too wrapped up in their own culture and customs. They look on women as objects and pay them no regard whatsoever. And that sort of attitude really annoys me. I didn't go through three years of university and then college to be bullied around by some guy who probably can't even read himself.

Quest: So since you've been out East there have been hardly any men in your life?

Teacher: None.

Quest: None at all?

Teacher: No, not until Tony, and that only happened a month ago.

Quest: So you're saying that you went without sex for four years?

Teacher: Not without sex, without men.

Quest: What sort of sex did you have?

Teacher: I masturbated, frigged myself off.

Quest: Did you prefer this to sex with men?

Teacher: No, of course not. It's just that I got used to it. After a while I sort of became adjusted to a monastic type of life. I used to bring myself to a climax when I felt the need, just as relief really. There was no real enjoyment in it. In fact it used to be even more frustrating sometimes because I'd fantasise about old boyfriends and what we'd done together.

Quest: So you became accustomed to getting sexual relief by masturbation?

Teacher: Yes.

Quest: But what about your trips home?

Teacher: I always spend them with my parents. With only four weeks at home a year I like to see them as much as I can. I certainly don't intend wasting what little time I have with them in rushing off to discos to get picked up and dance to Abba.
Quest: Did you feel sexually frustrated?
Teacher: Yes. But I didn't really think of myself like that. Frustrated makes me think of some old spinster. But I suppose I was, really. I have a normal sex drive and it wasn't being satisfied.
Quest: How did you meet Tony?
Teacher: I knew him from my schooldays originally, and then met him again when I was home on leave.
Quest: Was he an old boyfriend?
Teacher: No. I'd never gone out with him, or even known him very well. He used to be in my class when I was about 14, and we used to say hello at various parties until I went down to London to go to university.
Quest: How did you bump into him again?
Teacher: Well, I was home on leave, as I said, and I saw him in the local post office. We got chatting and it turned out he was working abroad as well, for an oil company somewhere or other. He was home on holiday as well, and hadn't much to do. We were saying how everyone else we knew at school had moved away and we were the only ones left. Then he asked me out for a drink and to chat over old times.
Quest: Did you find him attractive?
Teacher: Yes, quite. He'd been reasonable at school, but seeing him again after all those years I found him very handsome.
Quest: Did you think you might end up having sex with him?
Teacher: No. It honestly didn't occur to me. I found him attractive, as I've already said, but I thought it would just be a friendly drink for old times' sake.
Quest: But it went further than that?
Teacher: Yes.
Quest: Did you have sex that night?
Teacher: No.
Quest: Please tell us what happened.
Teacher: We had quite a few drinks and both began to get a little drunk as where we work alcohol is banned and we're not used to it. Our conversation gradually turned from the talk of the old days to a more personal level, and I realised that Tony was trying to chat me up.
Quest: How did you feel?
Teacher: Flattered, really, because he was attractive.
Quest: What happened?
Teacher: He gave me a lift home. Then when we arrived he leaned over and kissed me.
Quest: How did you react?
Teacher: I was surprised at first, but I enjoyed it, and soon we were snogging away like a couple of teenagers on their first date.
Quest: Did you go any further?
Teacher: Not much. While we were kissing Tony gradually moved his hands from my shoulders down to my boobs, until I could feel them gently pressing against the material of my blouse. He gradually increased the pressure until I could feel his warm hands cupping my boobs, making my nipples go hard like bullets.
Quest: Did you enjoy that?
Teacher: Oh yes. It was the first time a man had touched my boobs for four years and I'd forgotten how good it feels. It felt like an electric charge and when he began undoing the buttons of my blouse I could hardly bear it, it felt so good. Soon he had my blouse undone and had lifted the cups of my bra over my boobs exposing my nipples to his fingers. He gently rolled them between his forefingers and thumbs, and then he bent his head forwards and took one in his mouth I felt like I would faint.

> 'I suddenly thought that this was going to be my first sex, real sex, for four years. And I wanted it to be good.'

Quest: Did you climax?
Teacher: I should say so. I felt a tingling sensation down my spine and I must have moaned quite loudly because he asked if he had hurt me.
Quest: Did you go any further?
Teacher: A little. I wanted to, I wanted to see his cock. Suddenly I wanted to see it, touch it and feel it moving inside me. There and then. I could feel how hard he was inside his trousers, and I rubbed him through them. Then I reached for his zip, but stopped.
Quest: Why?
Teacher: I suddenly thought that this was going to be my first sex, real sex, for four years. And I wanted it to be good, to be just right. The front seat of a car might be OK for teenagers, but I didn't want something so good to happen in a Cortina.
Quest: What did you do?
Teacher: I explained it to him and apologised. He said he understood and said he'd call me the next day.
Quest: Did he?
Teacher: Yes. I was afraid he wouldn't, but he rang and asked me round to dinner at his parents' house. They were going away for the weekend and he promised to cook me a wonderful meal.
Quest: You went?
Teacher: Yes. I realised the meal was just an excuse, and that it was understood we'd carry on where we'd left off the previous night.
Quest: Were you right?
Teacher: Yes, I'm pleased to say.
Quest: Please tell us what happened.
Teacher: He did cook a delicious meal, though I was so excited I didn't really taste it. I kept thinking about what had happened in the car, and what would hopefully happen that night.
Quest: Did you end up in bed together?
Teacher: Yes. It was wonderful.
Quest: Did he make the first move?
Teacher: After the meal he suggested we sit on the sofa and drink our brandy. As soon as we sat down we were kissing and I felt his tongue in my mouth and his teeth nibbling my lips. He soon had my bra undone and I felt the same warm, tingling feeling when he took each nipple in turn and gently sucked them until they were hard. It felt so wonderful to have him kissing and sucking my nipples and like the night before I really wanted to see his cock. Only this time I didn't stop myself.
Quest: You unzipped him?
Teacher: Yes. I rubbed my hand lightly over his trousers and he moaned. Then I began to gently rub him, putting more and more pressure on the bulge which was straining against his flies. He was still kissing my boobs as I slowly unzipped him and pulled his cock out. It was the first I'd seen in a long while and it looked so hard and big. I ran one finger along its length and began to stroke it, slowly, lingering on the end. As I curled my hand around it and began to rub him harder, he lay back on the sofa breathing heavily. I began to pump him faster and faster, gripping him tightly, until he said he couldn't hold out any longer. So I stopped and moved my mouth down over him and flicked my tongue over it until his fingers tightened in my hair and I felt him pumping as he couldn't hold himself back any longer.
Quest: Did he perform oral sex on you?
Teacher: Yes. As soon as he'd recovered from his climax, he knelt on the floor in front of me and pushed my skirt up around my waist. It was summer, so I wasn't wearing tights, and he just eased down my pants so I was lying back on the sofa with my legs open, exposed to his full view. His face was only inches from my pussy and it really turned me on to know I was completely bared to his gaze. I felt red hot and damp down there, and when he moved his face against me and brushed his lips against my pussy I climaxed immediately.
Quest: Did you climax again?
Teacher: Oh yes. As he flicked his tongue in and around every fold, every crevice of my sex I had so many climaxes they all seemed to merge into one, until I almost passed out.
Quest: Did you have actual sexual intercourse?
Teacher: Yes. I needed to feel him pumping into me, to feel his hardness between my thighs. He was hard again by now so I pulled him up towards me and wrapped my legs around his waist as he slid into me. I was so worked up he had no trouble entering me and he began to rock against me. He moved very slowly at first, but as we began to build up, his speed increased until we were thrusting against each other with all our might.
Quest: Did you climax?
Teacher: Yes. We both did. At the same time. As he began to gush into me, it sent me over the top to feel the hot bursts, and I climaxed as well.
Quest: Did you have sex again that night?
Teacher: Yes. We listened to the stereo for a while and drank some more brandy. Then he took me to the bedroom and had me kneeling on the bed, doggy-style with my bottom up in the air. I'd never done it in that position before and I found it so exciting to be in that vulnerable position with his fingers working over my bottom and down between my legs. Then when he entered me I could feel him deep inside me and felt his balls against my thighs. I soon climaxed again.
Quest: Did you see him on any other occasions?

Teacher: The next day. For lunch. He went back abroad two days after that. But we're hoping our leave will coincide next year.
Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

JOURNALIST, 25 years old, town of origin, Bristol

This male interviewee moved to a large city where he works on a local magazine. He rents a flat.

Quest: As I told you when we first met, I'm interviewing for Quest in *Mayfair*.
Journalist: Yes, I was interested to know you do exist, I always wondered. I often read it. But I'm afraid you may not find my story as interesting as some.
Quest: Why's that?
Journalist: Well, to be blunt, the girl I'm going out with doesn't much. So if you're after exciting stories of bondage and exotic clothing with non-stop sex you've come to the wrong person. My Susie's not into that sort of thing at all.
Quest: Susie? Your girlfriend?
Journalist: Hmm, that's right. A very cool lady, well, at first anyway.
Quest: At first?
Journalist: Yes, she's a lot better now, but when I first met her, I thought I'd never get through to her.
Quest: How did you meet her? Through work?
Journalist: No, it was at the hospital radio station. I used to work there one night a week presenting a programme of requests for patients. You know, 'And now for Mavis in Ward 3, hope the leg gets better soon and here's Frank Sinatra singing *My Way*'. That sort of thing. Well, she was there producing another programme. Timing records and editing bits of tape and so on. Anyway, these programmes quite take it out of you, being live and things going wrong all over the place, so I suggested we go for a drink afterwards.
Quest: Did you fancy her at the time?
Journalist: Yes and no. She had very nice blonde hair and a lovely body. Short but cuddly with amazing breasts that poked out, just tempting you to put your hands on them. And she had a cute bum in a tight pair of faded jeans. But she was very business-like in her manner. Very taut, if you get my meaning. As soon as I suggested a drink, she dashed off to the car, jingling car keys and saying where she wanted to go. I had trouble keeping up with her. That put me off her a bit. All the women I had known till then had been free types. But I put this down to her age, she was five years older than me.
Quest: Did anything happen that night?
Journalist: Nothing that would interest a feature like yours. She continued to be very tense, drank a few glasses of wine and disappeared, announcing that she had to be up early in the morning.
Quest: When did you see her next?
Journalist: Oh, we met at the radio station a couple of times and I'd take her for a drink afterwards, and it was always the same story. Friendly, but far from amorous. Then one day, I had done the programme as usual, we had gone for a drink and I noticed she was even quieter than usual. Sod this for a lark, I thought, swiftly finished off my glass of wine and made an excuse to go. To my surprise she asked me to stay for another. Reluctantly I went to the bar. When I came back, she had put a piece of paper in front of me on the table. I read it. It was the confirmation of her divorce and was stamped with that day's date.
Quest: So what happened?
Journalist: I thought, so that explains it. That is why she is so cool towards other men. Anyway, several glasses of wine later I was sitting with my arm around her, coming out with all the corny consoling lines that I could think of. I was pretty drunk, as I hadn't eaten all day and was beginning to be mesmerised by those breasts. They jutted out of her clinging top like some kind of ripe fruit. Just the right size to get your hands on. I kept thinking of that TV ad that says, 'Small ones are more juicy,' and smiling to myself. We stayed there until closing time

> 'A bucket of water hit her full frontal. She stood there dripping, her nipples poking through her transparent blouse.'

with her talking about her ex-hubby and me dreaming of those delicious breasts, and then I ordered a taxi to take us both home. We were both pretty pissed in the cab and so as I put my arm around her I got a touch of those breasts. As I did so the taxi lurched around a corner and I got a completely unexpected handful. She looked at me accusingly and I murmured a drunken apology. A few seconds later I tried again, this time with my hand working up her thigh. I got it as far as the top of her leg and was about to work my fingers towards her crutch, when she suddenly realised what I was up to and replaced my hand on my own lap. I was dying of frustration by this time, and remembered thinking that it was just my luck to meet a frigid lady, spend a fiver on booze and get nowhere. So I thought I'd try the arm around the shoulder again. Unfortunately the taxi stopped and she was out the door and half way up the garden path before I realised where we were. I told the taxi to wait and went off after her. I really was determined to at least get a goodnight kiss, so as she got to the door, I swung her round and forcefully pressed my lips against hers. There was no response, but I was drunk and very persistent. Slowly I forced a gap in her lips and pushed my tongue in. It was a clumsy effort and as our lips parted she looked at me as if I had just pissed on her father's grave. Then she marched indoors, thanking me for the wine.
Quest: How did the relationship progress?
Journalist: Mostly it didn't. We would go for a drink now and again and it was always the same. She talked about her husband, as I marvelled at her boobs. It was awful. Seriously though, she was very mixed up and bitter about men. Her husband had run off with some tart and she trusted nobody. I think she thought we were all after what we could get. God knows I'm no philosopher – I read a book about Hulsean philosophy once and didn't understand a bloody word – but she obviously had tarred all men with the same brush. I suppose it isn't surprising after going through all that. She was only married for eighteen months.
Quest: So when did you have any sexual involvement with her?
Journalist: Well, you may not believe this working on a magazine like yours, but I had been taking her out for over two years before there was any hint of 'involvement' as you call it. And then it was more of a game than anything else. We had both been conscripted by the radio station to take part in a fund-raising exercise for new studio equipment. Basically it consisted of a stall at a local fete and I had come up with an invention to bring in more money. This consisted of a contraption that I had built in the garden that deposited buckets of water on people if you hit a target with a ball. The Saturday before the fete I had set up the apparatus for a dry run and invited Susie around to help paint it. It was a hot day and she had turned up in an old paint-splattered white shirt and patched jeans ready for work. To be honest, she looked more attractive then than I had ever seen her. For once she seemed to be enjoying the day rather than living in her married past. And she was obviously in a playful mood. Not long after she had arrived she insisted on seeing the machine work, so I operated it 'dry'. Then she wanted to see it work with the water in. So I filled up the bucket and prepared to flick the release switch; nothing happened. That's odd, I thought, not knowing that she was preventing the bucket from falling with her finger and went to look at the business end. At that point, she released her finger and a gallon of water poured over my head. She roared with laughter as I stood there dripping wet. It was just too much. I picked up the spare bucket, filled it and chased her around the garden. She was half laughing and half screaming when I cornered her by the shed and, with a shrill scream, a bucket of water hit her full frontal. It was a perfect shot. She stood there, water dripping off her hair on to her now transparent white blouse, her tight jeans dark and glistening wet.
Quest: What happened next?
Journalist: I remember staring at her hard nipples poking through material plastered across her boobs and I felt the biggest erection coming on. She raised her hands to her breasts and smoothed down the material giggling as she did so. Right, she said, and started towards me, intent on giving me another soaking. But as she did, I grabbed her and pulled her towards me and put my hands around her waist. It was wet but warm from her body heat and I ran my hand up the damp material of her blouse. Oh no you don't, she laughed, and pushed me away and ran off to get more water. I caught up with her and from behind I grabbed her blouse. She swung around, slipping and bringing us both down on the wet grass. She was breathing heavily and I saw her breasts rising and falling in the clear cotton. I slid my hand

onto them and could hold myself no longer. At first she protested, but I had her pinned to the ground and I was determined not to let the opportunity pass. We rolled over and I moved my hands to her buttocks where her jeans still oozed water as my mouth worked at her. I could feel her resistance but as I pulled her still closer her reaction changed and she began to relax. As we rolled around on the grass she began to giggle, you could tell that for the first time since her marriage she was beginning to be happy in the company of men. I murmured something about everything being all right and she smiled. My fingers moved to the zip of her clinging trousers and gently undid it. This time there was no resistance and I pushed my hand into the warm, damp area beyond. I checked the look in her eyes to make certain that she was still willing and there was no doubt. Peeling down her jeans I began to caress her pubes as my finger tips played around her lips. Her hands felt around the bulge in my trousers and it wasn't long before she had pulled out my erect penis and was running her slim fingers along its length. She guided me into her and I felt her muscles tighten as I pushed further. She let out a slight scream as I did so and then clung tight to me as I began to pump harder. Her finger nails dug into my flesh as I pushed harder until we both climaxed simultaneously and rolled over laughing breathlessly.

Quest: Why do you think she had sex with you at the time?

Journalist: I think basically because it had become a game. It was just an enjoyable way to end a playful afternoon and, seeing she took the pill for medical reasons, without any of the guilt that normally goes with it. There is no doubt that if we had been in the pub and she had had time to build up her fears, it would never have happened, but when it was purely spontaneous, she enjoyed it.

Quest: Do you have sex with her regularly?

Journalist: Only on occasions such as that where it is a logical step in the process of having fun. All the time it is contrived we don't bother. I think that is the best way.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

CIVIL SERVANT, 34 years old, blonde, town of origin, Maidenhead

This interviewee is an attractive unmarried woman. She lives alone in a large house in South London.

Quest: How easy do you find it to talk about sex?

Civil Servant: I don't know really – it's not a subject that I discuss a lot, either at work or with friends.

Quest: Would you call yourself inhibited?

Civil Servant: Yes, I suppose I would. I have always found sex uncomfortable.

Quest: Uncomfortable?

Civil Servant: I don't mean in the physical sense, more emotionally. Being intimate with a man, knowing each other's body, should be the ultimate act between two people, not just as a means of satisfying a lust. I don't know if I'm explaining it all that well.

Quest: You're doing fine. Has anything in particular coloured your view?

Civil Servant: Most assuredly.

Quest: And what exactly was that?

Civil Servant: I'd rather not talk about it.

Quest: I understand if it was something traumatic, but you may feel better if you talk to me about it. I also need to know to set the scene properly.

Civil Servant: I've tried to put it to the back of my mind. Silly, I suppose, seeing it happened all those years ago, to be frightened to talk about it.

Quest: Please.

Civil Servant: It was shortly after my sixteenth birthday . . . I was attacked by a man on my way home.

Quest: From what?

Civil Servant: From the youth club actually. It was horrid. I took a short cut through the park – it was dark, but it wasn't late – and near the exit I was grabbed from behind and dragged into some bushes. He threw me to the ground and pinned me there with a hand over my mouth. He kept saying 'Shut up and you won't get hurt,' and then he started using vulgarities about fucking me . . . yes he used that word, and started rubbing me between my legs. I didn't move. He was unbuttoning my coat when he heard someone approaching and fled. I called for help and this couple found me. I was terrified and crying and was in hysterics. They took me to the police who said I'd been lucky.

> 'In bed I would bring myself to the brink night after night, just by playing with myself, running my hands over my boobs.'

Quest: I can see why you are wary of men now, but is that the only reason you have lived alone these years?

Civil Servant: To be truthful in my younger days I never got much out of sex – I never knew whether I'd orgasmed or not. Or indeed, what an orgasm was. I was recently listening to Anna Raeburn on Capital Radio when a woman phoned in and asked what an orgasm was. The answer was that if you'd had one, you'd know. I never did, until John. Well, I never knew I had.

Quest: But didn't you have boyfriends?

Civil Servant: Oh yes, lots. Well, a few. I lost my virginity very soon after I was attacked in fact. I received some professional help . . .

Quest: Psychiatric?

Civil Servant: Yes. I had three visits. I was still at school when it happened. The boy was a friend of my brother, and he was younger than I was. I remember it now, so very corny. Sitting in his bedroom, listening to records and him putting his hand on my thigh, moving it gradually higher until he was brushing over my crotch. I felt very hot and flustered. I could feel my cheeks aflame, the blood rushing through my head. I didn't know what to do, so I did nothing. His hand moved to my breasts and he squeezed them, undoing my blouse and bra. I remember too how shocked I was when he undid his flies and took my hand and placed it on his thing. I'd never felt one before, or never even seen one erect. I couldn't believe how hard it could be. He pushed me back on the bed and eased my panties down and put it just inside me. What if I get pregnant, I thought, but he had so much trouble getting it inside me properly that he gave up and asked me to rub him.

Quest: Did you?

Civil Servant: Yes. My first sexual act.

Quest: Did you have sex with him?

Civil Servant: Yes I did a few days later. We made love on a few occasions but he always came very quickly and never built me up. I couldn't see why sex was supposed to be so great.

Quest: And after that?

Civil Servant: I had a few boyfriends but the relationships didn't last too long because all they wanted was sex, and it didn't do anything for me. I used to think them selfish. Most of the boys would drop me as soon as they discovered intercourse was out. In my twenties I had a couple of regular boyfriends and things were a lot better, but the one I really cared for went off with one of my girlfriends. I used to sincerely believe that someone up there had it in for me.

Quest: Did you have any sexual relief afterwards?

Civil Servant: In bed at night I would bring myself to the brink night after night just by playing with myself, running my hands over my breasts until the nipples were standing out like hat pegs. I've never had any trouble exciting myself. I've never had to rely on artificial devices either. I became very good with my own hands and fingers. I could hit all the right spots. It used to be better than a man. I could lie in bed with my fingers on the button, rubbing gently, then harder and harder until I was thrashing in ecstasy.

Quest: How long have you masturbated?

Civil Servant: Up to now 17 or 18 years I suppose.

Quest: What a waste. Why haven't you ever married?

Civil Servant: No one has asked me.

Quest: I find that extraordinary. But I do believe that you are not the type of person who goes out a lot. Is that so?

Civil Servant: No, I can't stand parties, discos and what not. I can't stand the noise or the music. I like classical music and I have my dogs.

Quest: What are they?

Civil Servant: Don't put that – I might be recognised.

Quest: You enjoy a good social life through your hobby though?

Civil Servant: Oh yes. In fact if I didn't have a hobby, I think I might have bowed out long ago. It's my only interest really.

Quest: And it's through the club that you met John isn't it?

Civil Servant: No, that's not quite true. It's through a shared interest in dogs. We've known each other since I first started showing, ten or so years ago. We'd meet at shows and seem to get on well, having a few drinks and a laugh. He married soon after we met though. He was lovely. Thoughtful, caring, and I envied his wife, though she didn't appreciate him. I soon heard that the

BINDERS, KEEPERS

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marriage wasn't all that sound – it's terrible like that; all the gossip. Who is sleeping with who. Whose marriage has split up. Although we were good friends I was determined that I would not be involved or a contributing factor.

Quest: But his marriage failed?

Civil Servant: Yes. A couple of years ago. I met John, at Crufts, for the first time in about nine months and we arranged to have a drink. We'd neither of us come anywhere. Well, that one drink turned into a few and I was talking to him, laying it all on the line. And he told me about his break-up. He

> 'I'd needed it, I'd wanted it. Why hadn't I done it? I started wondering what it would be like to be filled by a man.'

asked me to lunch the following week.

Quest: You had no qualms about accepting?

Civil Servant: No. John had a reputation as a bit of a ladies' man. I couldn't have blamed him for trying it on me.

Quest: What happened at the restaurant?

Civil Servant: Nothing happened there. We got on well again, held hands and he kissed me on the cheek, fraternally. But we did arrange for me to go to his house to see his new litter.

Quest: And . . .

Civil Servant: Lovely litter.

Quest: No. What happened sexually?

Civil Servant: We opened a bottle of wine and we sat on the sofa. We were talking for ages, mostly doggie stuff, about showing, judges, you know the sort of thing. Then I was aware of his arm round me, gently nuzzling my breast. I didn't respond, so he moved closer and the next thing I knew we were kissing. His mouth warm against mine and his tongue worming its way into my mouth, taking all my breath away. I began to feel like a kid again. As if he were my first date. My nipples hardened and I began to squirm. His hands moved to my breasts and he began kneading them, gently at first, then harder until it hurt. Then he undid my blouse and yanked it from me. He pulled me to him and as his hands undid my bra clasp his head went straight to my breasts and he began licking and sucking on my nipples. It was unbearable.

Quest: How so?

Civil Servant: I began to feel very damp down there and all tingly. I wanted to touch it myself but I moved his hand to me there and he soon worked his fingers to my crotch. It was so sexual. He moved from me and knelt in front of me, dragging my tights and knickers down. I lay there spreadeagled on the sofa as he buried his head between my legs and I nearly fainted when I felt his hot breath on me there and his red hot tongue darting into me. 'Come here,' I told him, and he came and stood up in front of me. His trousers were bulging at the front so I undid his zip and felt him, so hard and warm. I brought him out and kissed it, flicking my tongue over the knob end. Then suddenly I had a ringing in my ears and I came too. He wanted to enter me but I said no, and explained that I wasn't ready – even though it was my 'safe' time of the month – and I began to play with him, rubbing him along the shaft. I remember watching him as he came, wondering where on earth it all came from.

Quest: Did you regret not having sex?

Civil Servant: I did. He nearly talked me into staying the night, but in the end he drove me home. In bed that night I brought myself off three or four times. I thought to myself why had I chickened out. I realised I'd needed it, I'd wanted it. Why hadn't I done it? I started wondering what it would be like to be filled by a man again, to be screwed by someone who cares for me as a person as well. I couldn't really comprehend – there was I, being worked up like a schoolgirl. He'd triggered something in me I didn't realise I still had.

Quest: So what did you do?

Civil Servant: I was on tenter-hooks all the next day – will I phone him? Will he phone me? I waited until about four o'clock and I phoned. You know, I told him, what with all that last night I never did see your litter properly. Could I come again tonight? It was pretty blatant and I think that was the thing which hurt me most.

Quest: What?

Civil Servant: Me having to be blatant.

Quest: And his reaction was?

Civil Servant: He was only too pleased. I arrived there about eight-thirty armed with a litre of German white wine. I see you've come prepared, he said. We talked a bit, but it was not right. We both knew I'd come for the sex this time and that made conversation more difficult . . . the anticipation, the knowledge of what was to happen. In the end he just took my glass from my hand and led me to the bedroom. Get into bed, he told me and while he went to get the wine I undressed and got in. It seems funny to admit, but when he came back and undressed himself with the light full on, it was the first time I had ever seen a man do that. I watched fascinated as he came to the bed, his penis erect already. I went to turn the table lamp off and he stopped me. I want to see you, he said, and launched himself on me. We kissed and his hands began exploring my body, searching out all the hidden pleasure spots I'd never considered before. His hands moved all over my bottom, my vagina, my breasts, exciting untouched areas. When I thought I was on the brink of orgasm he stopped and entered me fully. I was so worked up that he found me easily, working in and out slowly at first, then gathering speed and power until he was bucking violently, ramming his member home with brute force and draining me of all energy. I must have been so worked up that I blacked out, for when I came to I could feel him stiffen inside me and a warm flood fill me. When I turned off the light for a few minutes' cuddling, the sheet was wet from our perspiration.

Quest: Do you see him still?

Civil Servant: Yes, occasionally, but the trouble now is that having had my appetite awakened, I may have left it too late.

Quest: Thank you.

Maria

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

If you call at Maria West's rambling old house near the Sussex coast, you'll almost certainly find she's not in. For even in the depths of winter, this 20-year-old beauty likes nothing more than sitting on the beach painting or sketching. 'I love the sea in winter,' sighed 34–23–34 Maria, 'it is so powerful, so masterful. I can never quite capture it on canvas however hard I try. I think the sea is my favourite subject, though I will paint your portrait, if you're prepared to pose. Why not sit for me sometime?'

Maria's interest in art stems from her days at school. 'It was the only subject I was any good at. I used to make all my friends laugh by drawing cartoons of the teachers and when one of them suggested that I should take art 'O' level I jumped at the opportunity. Of course it was very boring drawing plants and bowls of fruit all the time, but now I can go out and paint anything I want. I know what you want to know, do I paint nudes? I haven't yet, but someday. . . .'

So if you fancy yourself in oils or reproduced in watercolours, Maria is the person to see. 'Mind you, don't be surprised if I use the sea as a background, I love it so much,' she smiled, 'anyway I must get back to my latest masterpiece. Who knows this could be the one they hang in the Tate Gallery!'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

Two girls were walking along the beach in their bikinis when one of them noticed a letter 'W' on her friend's stomach.
'How did you get that?' asked the girl.
'Oh, from my friend at university when we made love,' replied the other girl. 'It was a bit damp and the lettering on his sweat shirt got transferred.'
'Where does he come from – Warwick?'
'No,' replied the girl, 'Manchester.'

A man went to the travel agency to book his holiday. Striding to the counter, he started by complaining to the assistant behind it.
'Now look, two years ago you sold me a very expensive cruise to Jamaica and my wife got pregnant. Last year, you talked me into a fortnight in the Greek Islands and again my wife got pregnant. Now this year, I insist you book me one where I can afford to take her with me. . . .'

A man became worried when he discovered that when he broke wind, instead of emitting the usual 'Phht' noise, he let out a sound not unlike that of a well-known Japanese motorcycle. He decided that he had to visit the doctor to find out exactly what the cause was.
After examining the man, the doctor nodded.
'Yes, the trouble is that you have an abscess in the rectum.'
'Oh, I see,' replied the patient, 'but how does that explain the unusual sound?'
'Simple,' the doctor pronounced, 'it's well known that abscess makes the fart go Honda.'

What can six men do that three women can't?
Pee simultaneously into the same bucket.

A sergeant-major was taking his troops on a route march when he noticed a prostitute standing by the door of her house. Sidling up to her, he asked, 'How much for the pleasure of my company?'
'£25,' she replied.
'That's reasonable. Company – left turn.'

'Sir, when you bid for that pot,
You made me deliciously hot.
For your hand I am certain
Went straight up my skirt and
If you do it again, that's my lot.'

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Dai and Evan came to London for the England v Wales rugby match at Twickenham. Unfortunately, during the match, they were separated and afterwards, Dai had to look around town for his friend.
After a while, a call girl tapped Dai on the shoulder and said, 'Hey, are you looking for something, love?'
'Yes,' answered Dai, 'I'm looking for Evan.'
'Come with me then,' said the call girl.
After a while, they came to the call girl's flat and looking around Dai said, 'I don't see Evan here.'
The girl immediately started taking her clothes off and then lay on the bed. She pointed between her legs.
'There's heaven,' she announced.
'Oh no,' replied Dai, 'you're wrong. Evan is a much bigger cunt than that.'

'Miss Wilkinson, what would you do if I gave you two red-hot pennies?'
'Drop them.'
'What for tuppence!'

During the Second World War, a number of Germans were especially trained to infiltrate major British institutions. One particular spy was planted in the War Office but fell in love with one of the secretaries.
One evening they were on the sofa together, locked in an embrace and swearing undying love.
The spy felt such a heel that he simply had to share his guilty secret.
'Dearest, there is something that I must tell you. I'm afraid I come from the other side.'
'Hmm,' she replied, 'this I must see.'

'I'm so tired,' complained the pretty receptionist to her friend. 'Last night I didn't sleep until after three.'
'No wonder you're tired,' replied her friend, 'twice is usually all I need.'

McTavish from Aberdeen has just bought a black and white dog. He said he chose it because he thought that the licence would be cheaper.

Two senile old men were out fishing in the middle of a lake and had been doing particularly well, reeling in fish after fish all well above average size. At the end of the day they rowed ashore well pleased with themselves.
'That was the best spot I have ever fished,' commented one of them, 'I hope you marked it in some way so we can go back.'
'Oh, I have,' he replied, 'I put an X on the side of the boat.'
'That's no good,' the other replied, 'we may not get that boat next time.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

LETTERS

continued from page 18

everyone, and wish we'd done it ages ago. Just a word of warning – don't make the mistake of letting your girlfriend use any aftershave on you. I did, and believe me it hurts like hell.
L L, Newbury

Thank you for your feature on Pam Ewing (Victoria Principal) in Vol 16 No 10. I watch Dallas in English, French and German because living in Brussels we are lucky enough to get the show twice or even three times a week on our 13 channels.
J Campion, Brussels

I absolutely agree with the letter from M S of Bedford in Vol 16 No 11 where he says how lovely women's bare feet are. And I am sure that men who feel the same are much more numerous than is generally thought.
I have read in various magazines letters from men who are disappointed for the same reasons as M S and myself – not enough girls pictured barefoot or with high-heeled and revealing sandals.
But I must say that well-shaped and perfect feet are very rare, and for that reason they are still more precious than any other part of a woman's body. It is certain that even many women who are considered very pretty actually have ugly feet and horrible toes. So they're better off hidden in boots.
Your reader also says that barefoot girls wearing ankle chains remind him of slave girls or helpless beauties. I can understand that, but as far as I am concerned it has something to do with worship and masochism.
I have a pretty and young wife who often orders me to kneel down in front of her, take off her shoes with my mouth and then lick her lovely bare feet as long as she wants, sometimes up to an hour.
In summer she often remains barefoot in our garden and before going to bed she orders me to wash her feet with my tongue and to lick between her beautiful toes. Later we make tremendous love.
So please ask your photographers to show us some lovely barefoot girls looking proud of their beautiful feet.
S D, Saint Etienne, France

In Vol 16 No 9 a reader referred to the possibility of finding clubs or groups for sex participation. Such clubs do exist in France but I know of no such place in the UK, although one is supposed to exist in London, somewhere in the Sloane Avenue area.
May I refer your correspondent to a publication sold openly on the bookstalls in the Champs Elysées in Paris called *'Tous les Plaisirs de Paris la Nuit Sexy'*. The addresses given therein are genuine.
One has to take a partner to these clubs which are nicely furnished and at which everyone is very well behaved. The experience, therefore, is something to be remembered.
G B, London, NW3

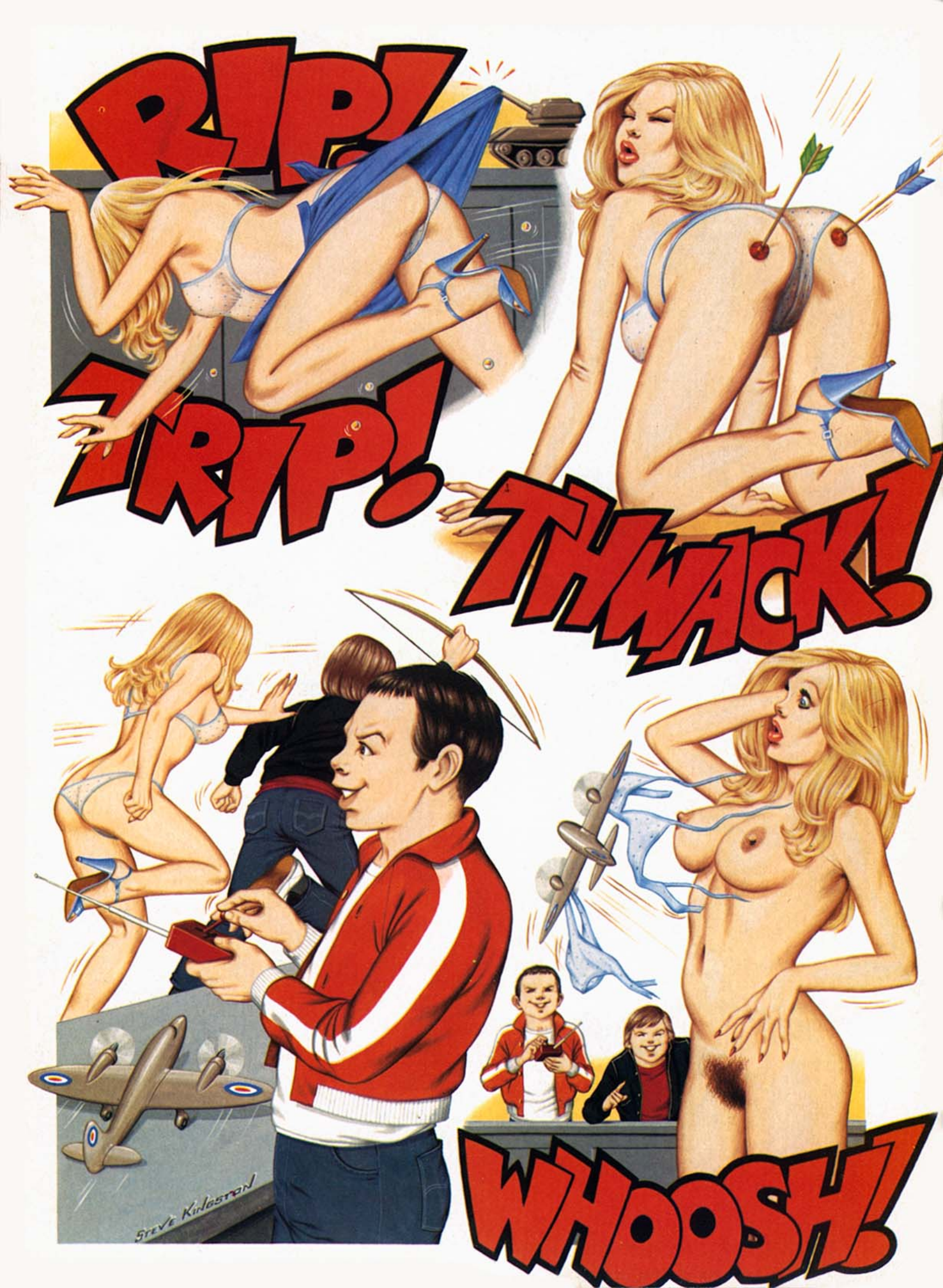
About two and a half years ago you published a letter of mine which told the true story of a special Christmas present I provided for the husband of one of my colleagues, while I was working in Cheshire.
I have had to wait since then to have an adventure which is even greater. A few weeks ago I travelled from my home in Cornwall to the Midlands to model sexy underwear for a fashion video being made for a mail order firm. Nine other girls and I modelled all the sexy clothes for the video which shows more of the clothes, and of us, than a catalogue ever could.
After the filming I asked my boyfriend to take me out to a nightclub where I could make the most of my sexy clothes – a white wet-look blouse and skirt, both of which had zips.
After eating in a smart restaurant where I caused a mild sensation, we moved on to a wine bar. As the place was crowded I pulled my blouse zip down to reveal most of my cleavage. As you will have guessed by now, I am an out and out exhibitionist. The looks from all the men were such a turn-on that I was in the mood to push my luck. So we found out there was a sexy nightclub out of town which was a strip club, of course.
As we went in the manager asked if I was a stripper, and when I said no he let us in free because of the amount of tit I was showing. To my surprise about 30 per cent of the clientele were women. None of them were dressed as sexily as me so I got a lot of attention.
We sat at a floorside table and saw the strippers. Some of them were really attractive and one in particular was so sexy I'd have gone to bed with her myself, being a little bit AC/DC. I got the hots just watching her strip.
One of the men who had been talking to us at the bar came over to us and asked if I would pull my zip down just a little bit further. I agreed and pulled it down to my waist, revealing my nipples completely. I asked my boyfriend how far I could go and he said the management would stop me before he did. So I turned to the other people at our table and asked if they were offended. They all said no, they liked it, and anyway the strippers would be showing more than me. I said they wouldn't before the end of the evening.
I pulled the zip of my skirt up from the hem to reveal my thighs, showing my suspenders and knickers. After a while I parted my legs and as the table was low the other customers could see I had on open-crotch panties. The thrill of all those men and women being able to see my pussy was fantastic. One man tried to be funny and asked if my pussy would bite. I told him to stroke it and find out so he gently ran his hand up the inside of my leg. Eventually he touched my fanny and it was so nice being felt in public. He tried to push a finger into me, but before he could I turned round to face the bar.
My boyfriend told me that in the poor light and from the bar they probably couldn't see right between my legs, and he suggested I take my open-crotch knickers off completely. I did without any hesitation. Now the boys at the bar would be in no doubt that my pussy was on full view. I opened my legs wide and almost passed out with excitement. I had to turn away because I was so turned on when I saw that one of the men opposite me had unzipped himself. I reached over the table, took hold of him and started to play with him. For the first time someone from the management came over and told me not to do that.
I got up and walked over the dance floor to the ladies, looked at myself in the mirror and was rather pleased with what I saw. My nipples were sticking out like organ stops and my pussy could be seen even when I was standing up. I decided to walk the long way back, still with my tits and cunt on full view. As I hoped, I was touched and fondled by most of the men in the bar. I kept moving a few feet at a time but allowed time for each hand to cradle my tits or gently touch my pussy. I stopped by a pillar next to my boyfriend, reached out and took his hand as I leaned back.

turn to page 130

'What do you feed them on?'

CARRIE

Carrie's on the war-path after an arrowing time in the toy shop


RIP!
ZRIP!
THWACK!
WHOOSH!
STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

continued from page 127

The manager came over and said if I wanted a gang-bang I'd have to go outside. I said I didn't want to be shafted, just touched, and he told me if I let anyone shag me I'd be thrown out. I asked if it was OK to be fingered and he said yes. I let five men do that to me and each one sucked my tits.

I was dying for a cock in me so I asked if I could have just one and he agreed. My boyfriend released himself and I gave him a blow job.

Then I stood up and guided my boyfriend into me and he gave me a marvellous fucking with my legs wrapped around his waist. I built up to a shattering climax. I've had quite a few sexual experiences in my 23 years, but that was the best ever.

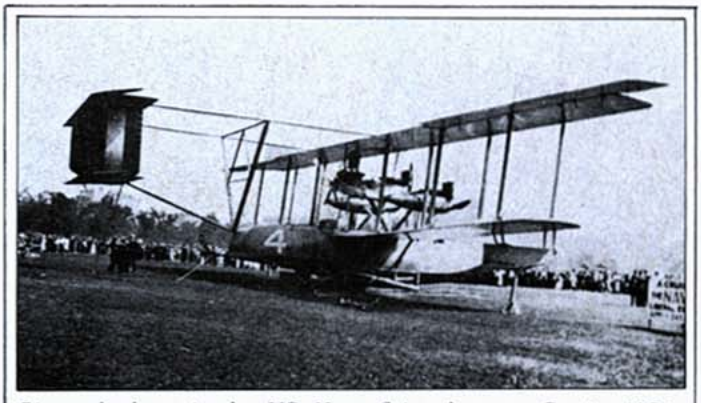
After I'd reached satisfaction I turned and saw that one of the people who'd been fingering me was one of the strippers. She lived not too far away so we went back to her flat. She asked me if I'd made love to other women and I said lots of times. We ended up naked on her bed with her husband and my boyfriend watching as we made love. It was undoubtedly the best session I've ever had with another woman. As it followed the best and most public fuck I've ever had, it all added up to a great night.

A L, Shrewsbury

As a regular reader I am writing to ask if it would be possible to have a feature on older girls in the 25-40 age group? I am 65 and my wife is in her mid-fifties and we both enjoy reading your magazine. We both still enjoy a good fuck and as a matter of fact we have it more often than when we were younger. We have had it in every way we can think of and most enjoyable is when my wife kneels on the bed and I enter her from behind. We met when my wife was in service as a cook, and we had plenty of sex before we were married. She was, and still is, a lovely fuck. We have had four kids but we both feel that fucking is man's greatest gift, so here's to the next time.

(Name and address withheld)

Somebody has been feeding you with faulty information!



Pictured above is the US Navy flying boat, a Curtiss NC4.

The flying boat shown in the photograph at the bottom of page 40 of Volume 16, Number 11 is NOT a Curtiss NC4 but a British built Felixstowe F2A. I cannot be specific as regards to the location or occasion but I would hazard a guess that the water in question is Plymouth Sound and the land in the background Mount Edgecombe. The 'boat' is carrying a Union Jack on its right wing struts and what appears to be the Stars and Stripes on its left.

I enclose a print of the US Navy's Curtiss NC4 from my collection and which you are welcome to use if you feel it appropriate to set the record straight.

Paul S Leaman, Cove, Hants

Here is the ultimate graffiti for the true connoisseur, taken from the Gents washroom of BDH Chemicals Ltd, here in Poole:

Potassium Ethoxide rules

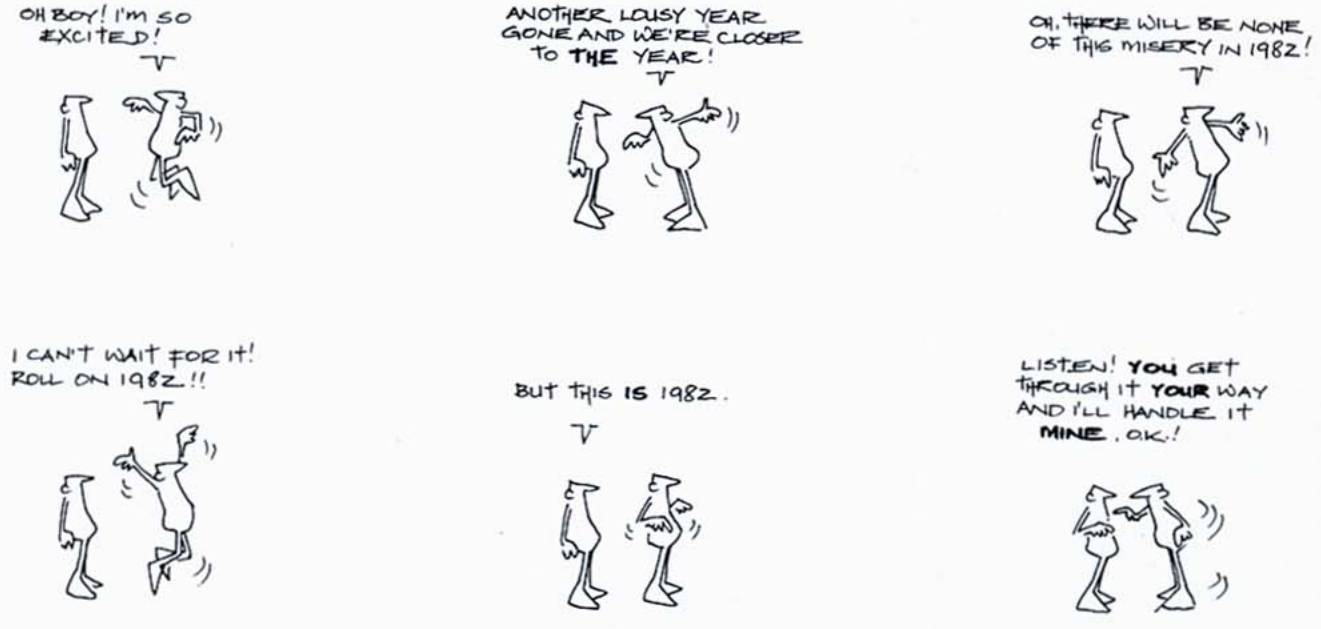
CH_3CH_2OK

Who said that Britain had lost all its technical Know-how?

(Name and address withheld)

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ


OH BOY! I'M SO EXCITED!
ANOTHER LOUSY YEAR GONE AND WE'RE CLOSER TO THE YEAR!
OH, THERE WILL BE NONE OF THIS MISERY IN 1982!
I CAN'T WAIT FOR IT! ROLL ON 1982!!
BUT THIS IS 1982.
LISTEN! YOU GET THROUGH IT YOUR WAY AND I'LL HANDLE IT MINE. OK!